# The Relief Society Magazine

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MARCH 1952

# THE RELIEF SOCIETY MAGAZINE

Monthly Publication of the Relief Society of The Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints

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Vol. 39 MARCH No. 3

# *Contents*

**SPECIAL FEATURES**

Relief Society in the Lives of Latter-day Saint Women ..... Marianne C. Sharp 147
Individual Influence and Responsibility ..... Velma N. Simonsen 149
The Spirit of Relief Society ..... Amy Brown Lyman 152
Truth Beareth Record of Truth ..... Lillie C. Adams 159
Relief Society and the Gospel Message ..... Sai Lang Aki 161
The Red Cross and Its Field of Service ..... 173
A Price for Wheat ..... Angelyn W. Wadley 198

**FICTION**

"The Least of These" — Third Prize Story ..... Margery S. Stewart 153
Dear Conquest — Part 1 ..... Deone R. Sutherland 163
The Wearing of the Gay ..... Frances Carter Yost 170
Room for Phyllis ..... Alice Morrey Bailey 182
Uncertain Possession — Chapter 3 ..... Beatrice R. Parsons 192

**GENERAL FEATURES**

Sixty Years Ago ..... 174
Woman's Sphere ..... Ramona W. Cannon 175
Editorial: A Message to Relief Society ..... Belle S. Spafford 176
In Memoriam — Martha Jones Ballard ..... 178
Announcing the April Special Short Story Issue ..... 178
Notes to the Field: Organizations and Reorganizations ..... 179
From Near and Far ..... 208

**FEATURES FOR THE HOME**

House Plants ..... Dorthea N. Newbold 166
The Crowning Touch ..... Eva Willes Wangsgaard 190
Gardening — Food for the Soul ..... Pauline M. Henderson 196
Multiple Hobbies Make Her Happy ..... 201
A Family Is What You Bake It ..... Elsie Sim Hansen 202
Let's Stuff a Rug ..... Thalia Black 207

**POETRY**

The Women of Nauvoo — Frontispiece ..... Christie Lund Coles 146
Hymn for Afternoon, by Dorothy J. Roberts, 151; March Afternoon, by Lael W. Hill, 160; The Last Snow, by Ouida J. Pedersen, 162; Royal Raiment, by Pansye H. Powell, 169; Valley Hills, by Evelyn Fjeldsted, 173; "All Her Ways Are Peace," by Katherine F. Larsen, 178; Patriarch, by Nellie B. Brenchley, 181; Command, by Matia McClelland Burk, 188; Sound, by Gene Romolo, 189; Old Road, by Vesta N. Lukei, 191; Valley Harbor, by Josephine J. Harvey, 191; Words for Spring, by Grace Sayre, 191; Inefficacy, by Hazel M. Thomson, 195; Twilight Hour, by Marian Schroder Crothers, 197; Faded Memory, by Alice R. Rich, 201; Lovely Things, by Grace Barker Wilson, 202; Gift From Spring, by Ora Lee Parthesius, 206.

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HE RELIEF SOCIETY MAGAZINE

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# The Women of Nauvoo

*Christie Lund Coles*

The women of Nauvoo, I think,
Were much as women anywhere,
They had their dreams, their momentary doubt,
And they had prayer

To see them through the darkest night,
The busy, shuttling day;
And yet I think their very need
Led them to pray

With more humility and faith,
With more of power,
Since fate had willed that they should rise
In that noon hour,

When crisis after crisis marked
The path that they must take,
Where only the valiant ones could stand,
The frail ones, break.

The women of Nauvoo, I think,
Each knew her secret tears,
Yet, oh, how tall her shadow lies
Across the long, long years.

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Josef Muench

UTAH LAKE, NEAR PROVO, UTAH

# Relief Society in the Lives of Latter-day Saint Women

[Address Delivered at the Annual General Relief Society Conference, October 4, 1951]

*Counselor Marianne C. Sharp*

FROM the time that there was not found an helpmeet for Adam, and Eve was formed from his rib, righteous daughters of our Heavenly Father have sought to be true helpmeets to their husbands.

The first recorded command given to Adam and Eve was to be fruitful and multiply. Following the Fall, glorious Mother Eve, inspired with an enlightened knowledge, exclaimed joyfully, "Were it not for our transgression, we never should have had seed, and never should have known good and evil, and the joy of our redemption and the eternal life which God giveth unto all the obedient" (Moses 5:11).

Eve, herein, first recognized the work of woman upon the earth—that of bearing seed. Through obedience to this law woman receives her deepest satisfaction and greatest reward.

In fortitude and nobility of soul, the Latter-day Saint women of Kirtland, of Missouri, and of Nauvoo, bore children in the midst of journeys, in poverty, and in persecution, and many times with their husbands absent preaching the gospel. But they rejoiced in the blessings of the gospel and stood firm in adversity, comforting their husbands in affliction.

In 1842, when peace reigned for a short interlude in Nauvoo, and the hearts of the sisters were filled with the satisfying joys of motherhood and family life, still there was found a hunger in their souls for united service to the beloved cause for which so many had already suffered death. They lived by the words of the Lord, "Ask and it shall be given you; seek, and ye shall find; knock, and it shall be opened unto you" (Matt. 7:7).

When a few sisters approached the Prophet Joseph Smith and made known to him their desire to band together for unity in service, he answered, "Your offering is accepted of the Lord," and shortly thereafter he instituted, under divine guidance, the great Relief Society for the benefit of the women of the Church and the blessing of Church members. Through this organization the key was turned in behalf of women, and the promise made that knowledge and intelligence would flow down from that time henceforth. "It is natural for females to have feelings of charity and benevolence," the Prophet declared. "You are now placed in a situation in which you can act according to those sympathies which God has planted in your bosoms" (D.H.C. IV, page 605).

All of us present today are probably aware in a general way of the subsequent history of Relief Society. The Prophet Joseph con-

tinued to give instructions to the sisters at later meetings on their duties, responsibilities, and opportunities. How precious are his words and those of the prophet-leaders since that day!

In 1942, the hundredth anniversary of the organization of Relief Society, the First Presidency declared in a message to Relief Society:

> Members should permit no other affiliation either to interrupt or to interfere with the work of this Society. . . . We urge this because in the work of the Relief Society are intellectual, cultural, and spiritual values found in no other organization and sufficient for all general needs of its members. We urge all the Sisters to take these things to heart, and to cooperate in continuing the Relief Society in its position of the greatest and most efficient woman's organization in the world.

How are the sisters today heeding this exhortation? According to our records there are more Latter-day Saint women who do not belong to Relief Society than there are who hold membership. We have over one hundred twenty-six thousand members, but there are over one hundred thirty-six thousand sisters who are not members. Relief Society has been termed the handmaid to the Priesthood. Upon Relief Society is placed the work of the Church to be performed by the women. Less than half of the sisters are carrying this work.

A member of Relief Society stretches her arms beyond the circle of her immediate family to bring help and pour solace and balm upon the hearts of the discouraged, the sorrowing, the distressed. The blessings to be obtained are certain.

Recently I heard a stake president addressing a Relief Society gathering. He told how resentful he was as a child to be told by his mother, a Relief Society president, to hitch up the team so she could leave her family to minister to the needs of a neighbor. As he grew older, however, he affirmed, his whole feeling about the matter had changed and he urged the assembled sisters to follow in the footsteps of his mother and serve their neighbors. As I sat listening to him, I thought of hard trials which I knew had beset his giving full allegiance to the Church, and said to myself, probably the dearest blessing which came to his mother for her Relief Society work was not the blessings she received for her ministrations, but the fact that her devotion to her Church call had been such a guiding star for her son that he had overcome the obstacles in his path and become so faithful as to be chosen one of our great stake presidents.

The Relief Society is not an organization formed by man. It is the Lord's. Relief Society does not need us, we need Relief Society. Relief Society will continue in its great destined work of service without you or me. But we will forfeit blessings unnumbered if we step aside in the shadows.

May every Latter-day Saint woman awaken to the part she might be taking, to the responsibility she might be shouldering, to the blessings she might be earning, that in the day of judgment it may be said of each one "Inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the least of these my brethren, ye have done it unto me," is my prayer.

# Individual Influence and Responsibility

[Address Delivered at the Annual General Relief Society Conference, October 4, 1951]

*Counselor Velma N. Simonsen*

I HAVE here the front page of a recent issue of *The Deseret News*. Let me read you a few of the headlines:

"Teenage Hoodlums Smash Windows"

"Civil Defense Begins Training Program"

"Police Slaying Trial Opens"

"Tax Employee Admits Money Split"

"Salt Lake Tourist Loses $185 to Burglars"

I do not read these headlines because they are new and startling, they are old and familiar to all of us, for we read almost these identical words every day in our newspapers. I read them to you because they indicate the serious condition our world is in today.

Many have attributed the evils of our times to subversive activity, but in reality it is rather through subversive inactivity that we have allowed ourselves to be brought to this state. Those familiar with the words of the Lord realize that this condition exists among us because men have *ignored* the commandments of the Lord and have thus allowed Satan to have power over them.

Most of us in this building today are Latter-day Saint mothers. Let us ask ourselves, What am I doing to correct these evils—evils of delinquency, intemperance, immorality, dishonesty, lack of public integrity, and the many other evils that the headlines proclaim.

We realize that something should be done, but perhaps we feel helpless with the overwhelming prospect of reforming the whole world. Possibly the mistake we make is that we encompass too much territory in our thinking. Most tasks, taken as a whole, are discouraging. Even the prospect of housecleaning our own homes would be overwhelming if we did not do it bit by bit. Starting with a dresser drawer, then a closet, then going from room to room, until the whole house is clean. It is one of the most potent tools of Satan to make us feel inadequate and discouraged.

One day a famous surgeon was performing a very delicate operation. The life of the patient depended upon the skill of his hands. At the same time in the basement of the hospital sat the electrician. He was thinking of the important work the surgeon did and was bemoaning the fact that he himself held such a useless position in life. Just then the lights in the hospital flickered and went out. Quick as a flash, the electrician, with a thorough understanding of his job, was able to repair the broken circuit, and the doctor successfully completed the operation. The work of the surgeon involved scalpel and

suture, that of the electrician, fuses and switch, yet it took the co-operation of both to save the life of the patient.

We must not underestimate the influence each of us has in her own sphere, nor how far-reaching that influence can be. I heard President George Albert Smith once say that if every person in the State of Utah would live the Golden Rule and the Ten Commandments it could revolutionize the whole world. Isn't it worth trying?

LET us start with ourselves and our own household. Let us maintain homes in which the gospel is lived and taught. Let us maintain homes that will send forth into the world men and women with strong testimonies of the gospel of Jesus Christ, men and women of character and moral integrity, who are equipped to meet life and carry their share of its responsibilities. Someone has said, "A good family life is, in the last resort, the nation's most priceless asset."

Henry C. Link in his book *Ways of Security* tells us that during the last war London parents shipped as many children as possible into the country where they would be physically safe from air bombardment. Studies made after the war showed that children who remained in London, with their parents, suffered less physically and emotionally, than did the children sent to the country for safety. The true security was found to be family unity, not physical safety.

The Latter-day Saints have always maintained that the home is one of the most important institutions of society. In order that this most valuable institution might be utilized to its full capacity to obtain the rich spiritual dividends and the joy of fuller living that come from strong home and family relationships, the General Authorities of the Church have recommended to us the adoption of a definite Family Hour, where parents can gather their family around them and teach the gospel by precept and example, where they can use their influence where it can be most effective in developing spirituality in their children, and fortifying them against the evils of the world.

The Relief Society was given the special assignment to spearhead the program, and to do everything possible to encourage the observance of the Family Hour in every Latter-day Saint home. This year we have visited or will visit every stake of the Church in Relief Society conventions. We have given encouragement to the stake leaders, with some suggestions for successful Family Hours. Many of you here are stake Relief Society presidents to whom these instructions were given. Most of us are Latter-day Saint mothers, to whom these instructions apply. How many of us have put these instructions to work and are conscientiously observing the Family Hour?

We cannot tell you specifically what to do in each of your particular families, but let me offer a few suggestions that may help you to understand the nature and importance of a successful Family Hour.

Make the occasion one of natural informality, not a meeting. The element of spontaneity should be in

every get-together. Do make it a spiritual occasion. I once heard a brother say, "Give your children spiritual experiences and they will be satisfied with no other kind."

TEACH your children to pray. Last month in our stake conference, President Joseph Fielding Smith said that as a whole we are not a praying people. He said that throughout the Church a large percentage of the boys whom he interviews for missions say they do not have family prayers in their homes. Are we trying to solve the problems of today without seeking the aid of our Father in heaven? Let us not be too proud to pray *with* our families, as well as *for* them. It is a commandment of the Lord that we must teach our children to pray.

The Doctrine and Covenants says:

> And they shall also teach their children to pray, and to walk uprightly before the Lord (D. & C. 68:28).

Sisters, use your own initiative in arranging your Family Hours Make sure all instructions and entertainments, all exercises and amusements, are in harmony with the teachings of the Church. Make it an occasion to which each member of the family will look forward with interest and anticipation. Give thought and energy to the planning. Just like any other worthwhile project, good families do not "just happen." They have to be worked for. There is no excellence without labor, no real accomplishment without effort.

May we go home from this conference with the feeling that we can do the simple things which are necessary to help this sorry world, and with a determination to begin at once doing these things that we may receive the blessings promised to us by the First Presidency in 1915 when the Family Hour was first inaugurated. They said:

> If the Saints obey this counsel (of teaching the gospel), we promise that great blessings will result. Love at home and obedience to parents will increase. Faith will be developed in the hearts of the youth of Israel, and they will gain power to combat the evil influences and temptations which beset them.

## *Hymn for Afternoon*

*Dorothy J. Roberts*

It is only to thee, dear Lord, that I dare whisper,
I am glad; only to thee;
Only into thine ear I sing the joy
Held undeservedly;
Only unto thy knowing that I tell my peace,
The peace to set me free;
Only unto thy listening, the samite word
Wafted in melody.
Only to thee I bring the gratitudes
Which beat and surge in me,
The final sum, which is good, I bring, my Lord,
The sum of all I see.

# The Spirit of Relief Society

*President Amy Brown Lyman*

[Address Delivered at the Annual General Relief Society Conference, October 4, 1951]

MY dear sisters, I am sure we are all overcome on this occasion with this beautiful session of the conference. We have been thrilled with the report of Sister Spafford which shows the great growth of this organization. It surely inspires us to go on and do our best for its continued growth, development, and effectiveness.

Of course, I think people as old as I am are sometimes given the privilege of reminiscing a little. I was thinking this morning of the time when I came here to conference, first as assistant secretary, forty-one years ago. I used to sit at a little table over here at the right so that Aunt Bathsheba and Aunt Em could call me over to do little errands for them. I thought of that, and then I thought of the number of stakes—fifty-five stakes at that time, and now they have grown to over three times that many. But the spirit of the Relief Society is always the same—that beautiful spirit, and the spirit of the gospel which accompanies it.

I am sure we were all touched this morning when our dear Sister Aki gave such a lovely testimony and such a fine report. Her graciousness and her loveliness and her faith are surely an inspiration to all of us.

I would like to suggest one thing this morning and that is that the Relief Society women constantly pledge themselves to the support of our presidency and our general board in every particular, and that we support also the General Authorities of the Church, and all of the programs and the instructions that they have for us. I am sure that we can do no better than to do this. Let us keep this in our hearts and minds at all times.

I certainly desire to bear my testimony to the truthfulness of the gospel which to me is the greatest thing in the whole world, and the most comforting of all things. And I want to bear my testimony to the great good that has been accomplished in these hundred years by the Relief Society and by the dear sisters who have guided us and pointed the way for us. It is up to us now to do all that we can to carry on the work with vigor and efficiency.

While our organization is not the largest in the world, to me it is certainly the most important in all the world, for women, and I pray that the Lord will continue to bless and prosper it, and prosper everybody who takes part in it.

If I had the power to bless, I would like to bless all of you dear sisters—you valiant stake workers in our great cause. You have great responsibilities resting upon you, and I am proud of you and your efforts and accomplishments. You are all heroines in this great cause, and may the Lord continue to bless you, which I ask in the name of Jesus Christ.

*Third Prize Story*

*Annual Relief Society Short Story Contest*

# "The Least of These"

*Margery S. Stewart*

"IF only one person speaks to you . . . ." Miss Nora had said. Timothy looked all around the chapel. It was beautiful and new and still smelled of the pale green paint. Now it was filling up rapidly with people. But none of them had seen him yet.

Timothy reached for the hymn book and opened it to the first song. When he stood up and sang right along with them . . . when they saw how well he could read, they would be glad. They would come over then and shake his hand and say, "Tim, that's wonderful, when did you learn?"

Four girls drifted down to his bench, the third from the front. They were his age, fourteen, pretty and laughing. Tim looked up and saw the consternation in their eyes when they saw him, the hurried backing away. They found a place on the other side of the room. The horror began to enfold its black clouds about him. Timothy fought it as Miss Nora had taught him to do.

"Remember that's in the past, Tim," she said, "that was long ago . . . but now things are changing . . . you are changing . . . you are going to conquer all these things."

Timothy thought hard about Miss Nora, because when he thought of her, the clouds dissolved. He remembered the first day he had met her. That was a year ago. It had been the first day of school. The new teacher had called on him to read. She hadn't known. She had thought he looked like any other boy. Timothy remembered how his palms had sweated and the gripping of his toes in his big shoes as the laughter began like a low, cold wind coming up from the derision of his classmates. He had fumbled open the book and stood there speechless, while the blood drummed in his ears and his head seemed to swell

MARGERY S. STEWART

as if it must burst and the black clouds billowed before his eyes.

"He can't read!" Jack and Phil had shouted scornfully. "He never could."

Other teachers had sometimes been embarrassed, or cross, as if he had played a trick on them. But this teacher said, casually, "Very well, then, Timothy, would you take this book to the office for me instead?"

His trembling knees could scarcely make the short distance to her desk, and out the door. He had leaned against the wall, dizzy and sick. The teacher came out.

She was an older woman with white hair and very blue eyes. She said, "I'm sorry, Timothy. I had no idea."

"That's all right." He talked very fast, the words tumbling over each other, because people never seemed to want to hear all he would tell them. "I was sick, in the first grade and in the second, too. When I came back to school everybody else was reading . . . only I didn't know how." He had no way to tell her how they frightened and confused him. Words, words, white, dancing demons on the blackboards that mocked and called him and twisted his mind into snarls when he struggled to decipher their meaning.

"So I . . . I never learned."

SHE looked at him thoughtfully. "I have a friend who might help you, if there's the smallest chance at all. Miss Nora. She lives at 1952 Lilac Avenue. You go and see her, now. I'll call her and tell her you are coming."

Timothy had gone gratefully out of the great building, away from the end of the class period, the roar of feet around him, the thin laughter, the drawing away, the prison of loneliness.

The place where Miss Nora lived was a little house, almost hidden under lilac bushes and locust trees. Miss Nora was small, too. She seemed very old to Timothy. She had gray hair above a brown, wrinkled, strong face. She had piercing blue eyes that looked him through and through. "You're Timothy Crandall," she said, "come in."

Timothy went reluctantly away from the sun and shadows of the cool September day into the crowded little living room that was Miss Nora's teaching room. There was a round table in the center of the room, cleared except for some books, a rocking chair by the old fireplace, an ancient, sagging sofa, and many framed pictures on the wall. But everything was incredibly neat and comforting to the eye.

"Sit down," Miss Nora said, "tell me about yourself."

But he couldn't speak.

Miss Nora went to a chest in the corner, opened it, and took out a football. She held it up, "What is it, Timothy?"

"A football." Now it was his turn to be scornful.

She laughed and tossed the ball to him. "You boys have so many . . . basketballs, baseballs, volley balls, it's hard for me to tell the difference." She went over to the table and opened a book. It had a picture of a boy holding a football. "What does he have?" Miss Nora asked again.

"A football." Now Timothy was

angry, because she had asked such a simple thing as that.

She pointed to the mysterious black letters, quite high, under the picture. "What is that word?"

Timothy looked at the word. He knew it could mean only one thing in the world and he began to tremble, the sickness came over him.

"There is no one here but you and me," said Miss Nora gently, "and I'll give you twenty guesses if you like, even though I know you know what it means."

". . . . Football." He hunched his shoulders, but there was no derisive laughter about him, there was only quietness and the purring of the cat on the window sill and Miss Nora's low chuckle.

"That's what it is, Timothy. Football." She rumpled his hair.

TIMOTHY looked at the word as he would look at a friend. It was a friendly little word with its curves and round letters, not hard and cold and mocking like the others had been. "Football," he said and touched it with his finger. "But the other words are real hard."

"No," said Miss Nora. "We will open the gate, very gently, here," she rubbed his head, "and the words will come in one by one."

"But reading makes me sick at my stomach," he protested.

"It is fear," Miss Nora said, "I will help you overcome the fear."

Timothy could hardly wait to get home. Everything would be different because of this day. But Rex, his older brother, the smart one, had just bought a new suit and everyone was admiring it.

"Go clean the basement, Timothy," his mother called, when she heard him come in.

But Timothy edged into the living room. "I have a new teacher," he said, "a private one."

"I know," his father said, getting ready to go back to the office. He had driven Rex home. "See that you behave yourself or it will be the worse for you." But his father looked at Rex all the time he was speaking. Timothy knew it was because Rex delighted his father, and he, Timothy, was like a thorn in his father's eye. It did not hurt him any more. It had become a natural thing.

"Run along, dear," his mother said. "I'm glad you like your new teacher. Do the driveway for me, too, I'm having visitors tomorrow."

Timothy went slowly downstairs. All the jubilance was gone out of the day. The great doors of loneliness had closed upon him again. Just as they were trying to close on him now, in church.

"Don't submit to it," Miss Nora kept saying. "Overcome it. There's a great treasure for you in church. It might be different now, Timothy."

Timothy looked down at his shabby trousers, castoffs from Rex. Perhaps if he came to church all dressed up, it would be different. But he always looked like this, clothes too large or too small, and his great hands spreading over his knees like hams. He stuffed them in his pocket as the bishop stepped to the pulpit.

THEY sang a song he liked, "Shall the Youth of Zion Falter?" Timothy started to sing,

but his voice sounded strange all alone on the first three rows. He looked behind him. All the benches around him and behind him were filled. The people were like a forest. He longed with a dreadful aching to be lost among them, another casual tree, not like this, like a strange, tormented bird on the farthest branch. He was glad when the song was over and he could sit down again.

He bowed his head for the prayer. But in spite of himself, a slow anger stirred within him at Miss Nora for making him come, for making him promise that as long as one person spoke to him, he would continue to come. He straightened. No one had even nodded to him yet, so perhaps he wouldn't have to come again after tonight. If Mom and Dad came, it would be a cinch, but they had long ago given up attending church. He kicked his feet out straight. It was easy for someone like Miss Nora to go to church. She loved it. She was happy there, with people all around her, loving her, being glad for her presence.

When the sacrament was passed, he took it carefully, as Miss Nora had told him to do. He bowed his head and tried to reach out in his mind to that day upon the cross. He couldn't understand it all. But he felt a bond between the Man who had been spat upon and smitten and himself. He knew how Jesus had felt, Timothy thought, because he had been the center of that cruel circle many times himself . . . the children dancing around him, mocking him, and the terror closing his mind, making him appear more stupid than he was.

But he wasn't stupid. Not any more. Now he knew how to read. Miss Nora had taught him. He knew the meaning of every word he looked at, except the very long and hard ones, and Miss Nora said even many brilliant people had to stop and think when they came to hard words.

He was aware suddenly of the speaker of the evening, a returned missionary from Hawaii. He was a tall, blonde young man, with a thin, gentle face. He had been stationed in the leper colony at Molokai. Timothy leaned forward, utterly forgetful of himself, his attention riveted on the speaker. He heard faintly the people behind him murmuring in sympathy when the missionary told of the little group of lepers shut off from the world by the terrible sickness of their flesh. Timothy thought suddenly, I know how they feel. I know just how they feel when people shrink away and are afraid. He was glad when the missionary told how they helped one another. I'd like to go there, Timothy thought, I'd like that fine.

THE deacons on the first row made a small commotion and Timothy looked over there. He saw Jack looking his way and smiling.

At me? Timothy wondered. He made an uncertain, fumbling salute with his right hand. The smile faded on Jack's face, he said something to one of the other boys, and they looked Timothy's way and laughed.

Now Timothy could not wait for the last song to be sung, the closing prayer said. He would get out of this place and never come back. He crowded up the aisle, but it was too tightly packed to get through. He had to bide his time with the rest. He looked straight ahead. No one seemed to be looking his way. His hands were sweating and his heart knocking under his shirt. They probably thought he was dumb to come. They were probably hating him for coming. Perhaps they didn't think he belonged in their beautiful new church.

He reached the doors and the sweet smell of April flowed into his lungs. Ten steps to the sidewalk and he'd be through with church for the rest of his life.

Suddenly someone put a hand on his arm and drew him back.

Timothy wheeled about, angry and afraid. It was the returned missionary. "Hi, fellow," he said, "I noticed you when I was talking. You really seemed interested."

"I was," Timothy blurted. "You made it sound . . . sound . . ." He stood helplessly reaching for a word.

"I brought back some kodachromes," the missionary said. "Come over some night, I'll show them to you."

"Thanks . . ." Timothy said. He broke away and ran. He ran down the street, past his own house, running and running into the night. He could not outrun the tears on his face. Why am I crying, he wondered, because one guy spoke to me? Do I have to bawl because one old dumb guy speaks to me? But the tears flowed faster and faster, and the lump inside him did not dissolve. It pained more than the time he had broken his leg.

He ran to Miss Nora's house and stopped. But only the porch light was on. That meant she wasn't home. When he saw the darkened windows, Timothy knew he had to see Miss Nora. He had to be with her just a few minutes, so she would help him to get back to that calm, quiet room where he could do anything, amount to great things if he tried long and hard enough. Maybe she's in church.

He went down the street and over two squares and found her meetinghouse. It was an older building, but beautifully kept, the April flowers, daffodils and tulips bloomed under the tall, lighted lamps. The services were just ending.

First a man came out, then boys catapulted down the stairs like noisy rockets, then girls danced their graceful way to the sidewalk, and then the older ones came. Miss Nora came. She was all alone. She smiled and spoke to a group of people, and they nodded back. Somehow, Timothy had expected to see her escorted out with trumpets and banners. It was a shock to see her come out like this, so small, so bent, and so alone.

Two girls sauntered past Timothy. They looked up and saw Miss Nora. "There's my piano teacher," one said angrily, "I sure hate her."

"Me, too" said the other. She makes you work too hard."

Timothy stood very still. Hate Miss Nora? How could anyone hate a woman as wise and kind as she? They just didn't understand her. She had opened the door of his prison and set him free. He reached

out to the girls, wanting to explain, and dropped his hand. People just didn't understand people. The great truth rocked him. They didn't know what was inside each other . . . the wonderful things Miss Nora carried in her heart and in her beautiful mind, her gentleness . . . the misery in himself. If they just knew each other, like he knew Miss Nora, they wouldn't pass with such cold, tight smiles, everyone afraid to let anyone else know how much they needed just words from each other, and little friendly pats, and good, firm handshakes when they met. He was crying again. He stepped back into the shadows. What was the matter with him, anyway? A big gook. Bawling every five minutes for nothing at all. Just because people were the way they were. But Miss Nora stumbled and Timothy blundered out of the shadows to take her elbow and steady her.

"These foolish shoes," she said, "when will I learn I'm an old lady and wear something becoming to my years." She held his arm. "Was . . . it . . . was it nice at your ward, Timothy?"

"It was wonderful," he said. "There was a guy from Hawaii, a returned missionary . . . wants me to come over to his house and see some pictures."

She did not speak at all. She did not answer him. But when they reached the corner arc light, Timothy saw her face was wet with tears.

Now why should she be crying, he wondered, when I feel real good about everything. Real good. I feel strong and . . . and like I knew something more than lots of other guys.

*Margery S. Stewart* (Mrs. Russell S. Stewart), Salt Lake City, Utah, is well known to readers of the *Magazine*. She was awarded the first prize in the Relief Society Short Story Contest in 1947 for her story "The Return," and her poem "The Broken Day" received the third prize award in the Eliza R. Snow Poem Contest in 1950. In addition to many other short stories and poems, Mrs. Stewart has written two serials for the *Magazine*: "Joanna" (1949) and "Through This Door" (concluded in January 1952).

Mrs. Stewart is a member of several literary organizations and workshops. She has won a number of prizes in *The Deseret News* Christmas story and poem contests, including the 1951 award for her story "The Travelers." A recent honor to come to her has been the inclusion of her poem "Song for a Daughter" (first published in *Good Housekeeping Magazine*) in the anthology *Poetry Awards of 1951*, a collection of some of the outstanding poems of the year published by the University of Pennsylvania Press.

With reference to her story "The Least of These" and her present activities, Mrs. Stewart writes: "Since coming in contact with one or two of the youngsters who are like the young boy in my story, I have been much concerned with their problems. I hope I have managed to convey something of their great need for love and friendship in this story . . . . *The Relief Society Magazine* is very dear to me, and I treasure the wisdom and beauty presented in its pages . . . . our daughter Sandra is now in her first year of high school, and our son Russell, Jr. is in the first grade. I am teaching the Blazer Boys in Primary and working in the Mutual Improvement Association."

# Truth Beareth Record of Truth

*Lillie C. Adams*
Member, General Board of Relief Society

[Digest of Address Delivered at the Annual General Relief Society Conference, October 4, 1951]

THE Book of Mormon is the greatest witness for the Bible, for itself, and for the Christ. Its advocacy for the Father, the Son, and the Holy Ghost is identical with that of the Bible. It is interesting to read in I Nephi 13:20-23 what is said by Nephi concerning the Bible coming forth from the Jews. It is interesting also to note in our Bible that a book shall come from the dust. Just as the Bible bears witness and testifies that Jesus is the Christ to the people of the Eastern Hemisphere, so does also The Book of Mormon bear witness to the Jew, Gentile, and Lamanite that he is the Savior of the world to the people of the Western Hemisphere.

A knowledge of II Nephi 29 will not only intensify our interest in a diligent study of The Book of Mormon in our course of theology this year, but it also gives the Lord's purpose for bringing forth more records than one:

. . . A Bible, we have got a Bible, and we need no more Bible. Have ye obtained a Bible save it were by the Jews?

Know ye not that there are more nations than one? Know ye not that I the Lord your God, have created all men, and that I remember those who are upon the isles of the sea; and that I rule in the heavens above and in the earth beneath; and I bring forth my word unto the children of men, yea, even upon all the nations of the earth?

Wherefore murmur ye, because that ye shall receive more of my word? Know ye not that the testimony of two nations is a witness unto you that I am God, that I remember one nation like unto another? Wherefore, I speak the same words unto one nation like unto another. And when two nations shall run together the testimony of the two nations shall run together also.

And I do this that I may prove unto many that I am the same yesterday, today, and forever; and that I speak forth my words according to mine own pleasure. And because that I have spoken one word ye need not suppose that I cannot speak another; for my work is not yet finished; neither shall it be until the end of man, neither from that time henceforth and forever.

Wherefore, because that ye have a Bible ye need not suppose that it contains all my words; neither need ye suppose that I have not caused more to be written.

For I command all men, both in the east and in the west, and in the north, and in the south, and in the islands of the sea, that they shall write the words which I speak unto them; for out of the books which shall be written I will judge the world, every man according to their works, according to that which is written.

For behold, I shall speak unto the Jews and they shall write it; and I shall also speak unto the Nephites and they shall write it; and I shall also speak unto the other tribes of the house of Israel, which I have led away, and they shall write it; and I shall also speak unto all nations of the earth and they shall write it.

And it shall come to pass that the Jews shall have the words of the Nephites, and

the Nephites shall have the words of the Jews; and the Nephites and the Jews shall have the words of the lost tribes of Israel; and the lost tribes of Israel shall have the words of the Nephites and the Jews (II Nephi 29:6-13).

WHAT is the divine purpose of each nation having a record of its own? Is there not a plan, a pattern for salvation here and hereafter contained therein? All the principles of the gospel are clearly enunciated in The Book of Mormon. Everything for the perfection of the human personality is plainly taught. In this great book Christ gave to the Nephites the Sermon on the Mount, teaching the things we should do in our relationship to God and to man. Today it has been called the Magna Charta of Christianity. Also in this great book, in Mosiah 29, is contained one of the greatest documents of democracy ever written. What a recommendation this would be in the cause of peace if the world would adopt this doctrine. Yes, our Book of Mormon is filled with pages of pearls of wisdom and doctrines of singular beauty and philosophical values, which, if adopted as the foundation of our lives, will not only be a source of joy in this life, but eternal salvation in the world to come.

What is the philosophy of the Book of Mormon? The Lord's words to Nephi in the wilderness answer this question: "Inasmuch as thy seed shall keep my commandments, they shall prosper in the land of promise."

"Wickedness never was happiness" contains the core of Nephite philosophy. Let us hear what ou Prophet Joseph Smith says regard ing happiness. "Happiness is th object and design of our existence and will be the end thereof, if w pursue the path that leads to it and this path is virtue, uprightness faithfulness, holiness and keepin all the commandments of God" (*Teachings of the Prophet Joseph Smith*, pp. 255-256).

What was the great importan truth that our Master taught to hi beloved disciples on the Eastern a well as the Western Hemisphere The same important truths concern ing the Godship, the Sonship, th Holy Spirit—the Trinity.

It is a priceless privilege for ou Relief Society sisters this year an in ensuing years to drink deep int the doctrines taught in our Book o Mormon, not only to learn th doctrine, but to make practical ap plication of the truths taught there in in our daily lives. It has bee said that The Book of Mormon i the greatest tool in the hands of th missionaries in converting people t Christ's way of life. May we no also say that it is the greatest too in the hands of mothers and father in converting their sons and daugh ters to the gospel of Jesus Christ

I should like to close with th words of our prophet and see President David O. McKay, th words he uttered on his birthday He said, "Thanks most of all fo the gospel of Jesus Christ, the tru philosophy of a happy life whic sanctifies and makes operative a other blessings." God bless us i our studies of The Book of Mormo and all our divine works is m prayer.

# Relief Society and the Gospel Message

*Sai Lang Aki*

[Digest of Address Delivered at the Annual General Relief Society Conference, October 4, 1951]

I GIVE my greetings to you all. Aloha nui loa. My heart is full of love for you, my sisters.

We read in Proverbs (3:5-6): "Trust in the Lord with all thine heart; and lean not unto thine own understanding. In all thy ways acknowledge him, and he shall direct thy paths." If all the women in the world today could only realize the beauty and expression radiated by the Relief Society organization.

We need education. We need to be taught. This doesn't apply to you because you are in the land where there are three wise women before you. We have heard so much about the three wise men, but to me we have three wise women right here this morning in the Church, our presidency. I guess you agree with me.

Through them we receive the *Magazine*, and that *Magazine* visits us each month as a guide in the work of the Lord. This is a great work, it is a work of patience and love. It is not done by forcing any person, but through that love in us for the truthfulness of the gospel.

This reminds me of when I was sixteen. I became a member in the Relief Society through my mother, who is a member of the Relief Society. She encouraged me to join, and I went with her and I joined, and I found out that it was not what the other sisters say: "Oh, that Relief Society! It is only for the aged people. You are young, are you going to that organization, and join with them? We wouldn't do it."

I tell you, my dear sisters, the Relief Society has taught me many great and important things pertaining to this work which I have loved. My first president, whom I labored with for twelve years as a counselor, through her inspiration, taught me many great things, and what you see in me today, it is all through her patience and love.

When the call came to my husband to go to China, to open that great mission, to assist President Hilton A. Robertson and his wife, we were so happy to be called to serve God and his people. Through that, we went to China, and the people of China are just like we are here. It was wonderful to be with those people. The women of China love to be taught; they love to learn the great things in life. They love to follow the right instructions, if they have them. But some false teachings have directed them into false ways. Many people who live there have been many years in darkness, but today the doors of heaven are open to those people. The gospel of Jesus Christ and its fullness has been established in that land.

When we were called by President David O. McKay to return, we folded up and went home with that feeling in us, that some day, that little seedling which we had planted in the hearts of the people will be a salvation to the millions of the Chinese people.

I have many things in my heart that I want to speak to you, but the King shall answer and say, "Inasmuch as you have done it unto one of the least of these my brethren, ye have done it unto me."

I want you to hear my testimony. I know that the gospel of Jesus Christ is true. I know that Jesus is the Christ, the Only Begotten of the Father. God so loved his Son he gave him to this world, that we may not perish, but we may have salvation. God did not send his Son to the world to condemn the world, but through him the world might be saved. So this, dear sisters, I urge you to carry on when you return to your different homes. May the Lord bless you all, bless also our dear presidency here, that they may have health and strength. I know this is a great work.

Before I am seated, I am going to sing you one favorite song, when I was at the age of sixteen. (Sister Aki sang "My Light Is But a Little One.")

May the Lord bless you all. This I ask in Jesus' name.

## The Last Snow

*Ouida J. Pedersen*

This is the last snow,
No longer does it swoop
With widespread wings
To camouflage the earth,
Nor softly fall
With white persistence
Through the bitter night
Until its charity
Has covered all.
This is the last snow.
It clings to branch and stem
Tenaciously as if aware
Its moment is half done
And beauty it has hoarded
Winter long, may be dispelled
By one brief touch of sun.

# Dear Conquest

*Deone R. Sutherland*

PART 1

WHEN Maggie Sullivan came to Oakville to teach high school, we all thought she wouldn't stay more than a year. Phi Beta Kappas with poodle haircuts and six freckles across the nose and eyes that spark your heart on zero-cold days don't usually want to stay in Oakville. Not that Oakville doesn't rest in the midst of the prettiest mountains you're ever likely to see, and isn't blessed with the best fishing in summer and skiing in winter. No, it's not that. It's a scarcity of likely bachelors. A certain number of girls marry boys here every year, and some go away and come back with husbands or wives, which is good for the community. But we all decided soon enough that there wasn't anyone special enough for Maggie Sullivan. And everyone in Oakville knows the importance of being married and having families.

Then Sister Kirkenson had her nephew Charlie, who is a lawyer down in River City, come all the way up to Oakville to straighten out a deed from old Grandpa Kirkenson. Soon as Charlie met Maggie he kept having to come up to work on that deed. Brother Kirkenson stopped Max Short and remarked on the amount of legal work Charlie was able to find in Oakville on the week ends they held the barn dances or special balls like the Deer Hunters' or Harvest.

The second month Maggie was in Oakville she came to board with us. "It's like summer was comin' instead of winter," said My John. It was, Maggie was that sunny. She was a good talker and could keep My John checking his Bible along with the best of them, when she had a mind.

Martin Tulley who drives the school bus told My John that one afternoon when he went to the school early to pick up the children, Miss Sullivan had her whole class up the side of the mountain reading poetry to them.

"Were they listening?" asked My John.

"They didn't even come down the mountain when the bell let school out. I went myself to fetch them," answered Martin.

"Then that's all that matters," said My John, and he put a stop to Martin. There's lots of ways of teaching, and the happiest are the best ways. Maggie seemed to know all the happy ones.

Andy Gillis who works in the bank asked Maggie to go to the Deer Hunters' Ball, but Maggie had already said yes to Charlie Kirkenson. Everybody in Oakville knew by the next day that Andy Gillis had gallantly said to Maggie over the telephone, "It's a pleasure to be refused by you!" The young boys snickered about it, but nobody said anything to Andy. His temper was far too hot for that.

People came from miles around to the ball. We decorated the hall all day. School let out early, and

Maggie dropped by to help. "I've never been to one before," said Maggie, brushing back her hair. "The students say I have to wear red." She laughed, "My hair won't match." She hammered bunting right along with us. She was thin, but wiry, and held up well. No matter what I gave her to eat, she never gained a pound.

"I love it here," she said to me as we walked home to get supper and then start fixing up for the ball. I looked at her kind of sideways, but she was watching Indian Mountain.

"Ira Scott's got a cabin up there," I said. "Sometimes he holes up there in the winter."

"I love that mountain," murmured Maggie.

We older folks get out of the habit of exclaiming over the things we love, but it sounded all right when Maggie said it. Everything gets fresh again and dear when someone says *love* the way Maggie did.

"I used to walk barefoot after cows along that Main Street here in town when I was a little girl," I said laughing.

"Did you?" Maggie looked serious. "I never walked barefoot anywhere. Colds, you know. And then living in a city is different. I could live here all my life."

MY John let Charlie in, and I went up to get Maggie. She wore a soft pink shirt with the collar open at her throat, and a rough tweed skirt that made her seem small and dependent, and soft, brown velvet shoes. "Is this close enough to red?" she asked me.

"Close enough," I said, thinking how it didn't hurt her hair any, made her come alive and glow with color.

My John and I waited until Charlie and Maggie had a good start before we switched off the lights in the house and started out too. Nobody stayed home from dances in Oakville. If you were too old to dance you sat on the benches and talked. We believed in sociability and checking up on how things were going.

We got there just before the first dance started, which is the right time to get to a dance. The hall was crowded, and the brightness of the color made your breathing hurt for a minute.

"It's splendid," called Maggie going by on Charlie's arm.

My John led me out for the dance. He was puffing after the first one, and I could see Mrs. Gillis saving a seat for us, so we went to the wall for the next one.

"Who's Andy got tonight?" I asked May Gillis to start the conversation.

"Allie Peterson. I guess you knew he called up and asked Maggie."

"Yes," I said, and then I stopped listening, for someone else was moving along the edge of the benches, sitting down.

"There's Ira Scott," said May in a whisper. "Sour and rich as ever, I guess."

My John got up and went over to pass a word or two to Ira. Ira drew men to him, but he was too gruff and somber to have much to do with the women, though he always nodded his dark head polite enough. Some said he'd cared for

Isabelle Peterson who had got married at least seven years ago, but May Gillis said he'd never cared for anybody except himself. Sure, he'd taken Isabelle to a dance or two, but that didn't necessarily mean anything. My John said he'd just always worked too hard to be sociable. Paying off his Pa's debts and buying land and running cattle can keep a man lonely enough so he forgets the bowing and scraping ways.

"Being civil isn't bowing and scraping," I said to My John. "And there're more important things than buying more cattle than you know what to do with."

I guess I was unjustly critical. But Ira Scott was a man of too few words. And he had a way of never taking a compliment or praising anything. My John was coming back, and I straightened my dress for the third dance.

But I didn't have the third dance with My John. Ira Scott had come over with him, and though I asked Ira what he wanted to be dancing with an old lady like me for, we danced the third, and My John danced with May Gillis. I noticed Maggie out on the floor dancing with someone new again. She was a belle all right, I thought. I never had to worry about conversation with Ira. He wasn't much for talking.

"They say you just got about the best new tractor Oakville's ever seen, Ira," I said.

He bent his head to hear me, and then, without smiling, he offered laconically, "I guess there are better ones than what I've got. It'll probably give me trouble before long."

That was like Ira. When he'd bought the most beautiful filly in the valley, and George Waters had remarked on it, Ira had said he was sure something was wrong with its left hind foot.

Ira was a pretty good dancer, though I never thought it worth the trouble to remark on it. He would have said he could never keep time with the music or something equally depreciating and untrue.

I was surprised when the dance was over and Ira was guiding me over to My John and May Gillis, who had stopped on the floor to talk to Maggie and Charlie. My John introduced Maggie and Ira.

"I'VE seen you before," said Ira, smiling one of his rare smiles. "Riding up Indian Mountain."

"Yes," said Maggie smiling back. "I hear you live up there in the winter."

"Sometimes I do," said Ira. Then, taking Maggie's arm because the music was starting again, "I came late so I expect all your dances are filled."

"They are," said Maggie, "but this one is with Charlie, and maybe he won't mind." But Maggie's smile was for Ira, not Charlie.

"No," said Charlie, and he offered his arm to me.

"My," I said, "I never danced with this many young men in one evening for a good many years."

John had to sit out because he was puffing again.

Charlie wasn't as tall as Ira, but he had a nicer face, not so bony as Ira's. And, of course, he wasn't

(Continued on page 200)

# House Plants

*Dorthea N. Newbold*
Garden Editor, *The Deseret News*

SURELY it is not necessary nowadays to try to sell anyone on the idea of growing house plants. The fact that there are so many women growing plants in their homes, using them as a part of the decorations, gives evidence of the pleasure and interest their culture gives.

The deep-seated love of growing things that is inherent in mankind may be satisfied by the nurturing of a window garden. Residents of our large cities, where growing conditions are worst, enjoy and value the single house plant or dish garden even more than do the homemakers in the rural areas.

Many invalids and shut-ins can find pleasure and an absorbing hobby in growing and caring for a collection of house plants, especially if they are given slips and small plants to raise, or seeds of some new kinds of flowers. Interest is always high if there is a new plant coming into bloom to claim attention.

With nearly 1,000 different kinds of plants suitable for growing in the house, there is no reason why one having a love for plants should fail in her efforts to grow them. Decorators encourage their use in the homes by providing plant boxes and plant shelves, and large windows in some homes provide ample light needed for their good growth.

Often the acquisition of a single potted plant will start a homemaker off on the pathway of a delightfully different hobby. She may become a collector, as has happened so often when one becomes interested in growing African violets; or she may become so intrigued with one kind of plant that she will try her hand at hybridizing, just to see if she, too, can get some new varieties.

Most plants resent the hot, dry atmosphere of today's living rooms. It is wise to keep in mind that many of our plants are natives of tropical forests. In their native habitat they received dim or filtered sunlight, they lived in a rich, woodsy soil, where the humidity was very high. Ferns and palms and many of our foliage plants are examples. African violets, natives of East Africa, thrive very well in dim light, in fact many of our collectors have been quite successful in raising the violets under fluorescent lights. Other plants, such as cacti, whose native habitat is the desert, enjoy full sun.

Some plants are much happier if they are not placed in a window where they become subject to the extreme heat and cold of the window sill. On a cold day the temperature may become twenty to twenty-five degrees lower than the rest of the room, and hence, may be the cause of a plant going into a rest period, just when you were hoping for a crop of flowers. If a plant isn't doing too well we might try moving it either to a plant stand or place it on a shelf away from the window.

Humidity, or the lack of it, is one

of the big contributing factors to the success or failure of a window garden.

All plants transpire an enormous amount of water every day, as the sides of porous pots and the soil give up water vapor. The plant must have an ample supply of water to replace that which is lost through transpiration. The drier the air of the living room, the more moisture is given off by the plants, and the greater will be the need for water. Therefore, the larger number of plants you are growing, the higher the humidity will be, and better and healthier plants will result.

To be sure that the air is humid enough for plants, many house plant raisers have tin trays made about two inches deep to fit the window sills. They are filled with a one-inch layer of pebbles to set the pots on, and then filled with water. These trays simplify the task of caring for the plants.

A good practice to follow if you can do so without injuring curtains is to spray the plants each morning, using a regular bulb spray, which produces a fine mist. However, if you have hairy-leaved plants, such as African violets and gloxinias—they resent water on their leaves. Use a very soft brush such as a baby's hair brush to clean the leaves off.

When a newly purchased plant has been in your home only a short time, some of the leaves may turn yellow and drop off. This is not a matter for great concern or worry unless an unusual number fall. The change from the greenhouse to your living room is the cause. Very soon the plant will adjust to its new living conditions.

Boyd Bullough

AFRICAN VIOLETS

Hal Rumel

ARRANGEMENT OF FOLIAGE PLANTS

Soil for house plants is of importance. It must be fibrous and porous enough so that an oversupply of water will quickly drain off the roots, yet it must be quite nourishing. The use of leaf mold is recommended for most mixtures. A good general purpose soil mixture is one made of two parts leaf mold four parts garden loam, and one and one-half parts well-rotted manure.

Some plants want a special soil mixture, and the plant specialist usually has his own ideas about that. A good mixture for potting cacti is to use four parts loam, two parts sand, one part leaf mold, and one part broken charcoal.

Drainage is of great importance. If the plants are allowed to become water-logged, the roots are denied the oxygen they need to carry on the plant functions, the plants soon turn yellow and die. To provide proper drainage in planting, place a piece of broken pot, concave in shape, over the drainage hole of the pot to keep the soil from washing out. Next, use an inch layer of small pebbles over the piece of broken pot, then a layer of soil. Place the plant in the pot and fill in around the sides with soil, firm well, leaving at least one-half inch of space at the top of the pot for watering.

There are available wick-watered pots for growing plants that resent water around their leaves and crowns. Wick-watering is the method whereby water is drawn by capillary action from a lower reservoir up through a wick to the soil. The preferred wick is of glass fiber. The wick is pushed up through the drainage hole and is frayed out and spread out over the inside of the pot, resting right on the bottom. There is no need for drainage material when a wick is used. This type of watering is especially useful in keeping the soil evenly moist at all times. Some gardeners advise that the reservoir be allowed to go dry once in a while, as it seems to

do the plants good to dry off for a day or so. Gloxinias and African violets thrive under wick watering.

"Please tell me, how much water shall I give my plants, and how often should they be watered?" How often we hear that question! The answer is, it depends on the type of plant you are growing. Cacti, succulents, and dish gardens do not require as much water nor as frequent applications as do fuchsias and begonias or philodendrons. Watch the plants and give them lukewarm water when the soil seems dry to the touch. Save rain and snow water for your house plants, and watch them grow. Never allow plants to stand in a jardiniere full of water. Plants must have water, but they will die if their roots are kept constantly in water.

Every perennial plant has a resting period, and all who grow house plants should take this into consideration and treat plants accordingly. The resting period may become apparent by just a lack of flowers, or a lack of any new growth, or in some cases by the complete loss of leaves, as is the case with gloxinias. During the natural resting period, it is wise to give less water, no fertilizer, and, if possible, a lower temperature, during the resting period.

After repotting, a plant will not need to be fed until the pots are full of roots. It is a simple thing to turn the plant from the pot to see if the roots have filled the pot. If the ball is filled with roots, you may assume it is ready to be fed. There are many liquid fertilizers on today's markets which are good. They are easy to use and are clean, too. Simply follow directions on the bottles. Never feed a plant when it is dry, water it first.

Do not allow your plants to become tall and scraggly looking. It is much better to use a little judicious pinching back, and to grow new starts than to fuss over an old, misshapen plant. Take cuttings, stem or leaf, and root by placing them in a pot of peat moss and sand, a half-and-half mixture. Keep the slips covered with a glass jar to prevent wilting. It is easy to keep a number of young plants coming along for replacements, and also to have on hand to give to friends.

No matter what kind of plants you have in your window garden, whether a collection of scented geraniums, a few of the more than six hundred known varieties of begonias, some of the beautiful amaryllis, or any of the new foliage plants, their use will give added beauty to your home, and added pleasure to your family and to you, the gardener.

Happy Gardening!

## *Royal Raiment*

*Pansye H. Powell*

Soon we shall see our city wear,
Like royalty of old,
Her new spring costume richly decked
With rows of crocus gold!

# The Wearing of the Gay

*Frances Carter Yost*

GRANNY O'Donnell felt all seventy of her years drag as she walked the four blocks from the depot to her little white and green trimmed cottage. Her old black leather purse under her arm wasn't heavy any more. And there wasn't enough money left in the purse to bother clenching it tightly, as she had when she went to the station.

"A ticket to Ireland and return costs as much as St. Patrick probably would a'paid for the whole of the Emerald Isle," she murmured. "Why, with prices doubling and tripling, there's nary enough left to buy the coat and hat me figured on buying in Salt Lake City."

As Granny turned the corner and caught sight of her home, her pace quickened. The little, squatty house, with its beak of a front porch, somehow reminded Granny of a big Kildare County hen begging her to get under its wing. The evergreens near the doorstep were beckoning Granny to stay here in this dear home forever.

"Begorry, there's nary a chance a coaxin' me to stay, pretty house," she said. "Patricia O'Donnell made up me mind years ago when once me laid hands to enough money I'd take meself back to dear old Emerald Isle for to gather me genealogy. And stir me up for Irish pancakes, I'll make the trip if I have to go in the togs I been a wearin' these past twenty years."

Granny shook her fist at the house and the evergreens.

She turned the key in the lock, and as she let herself in, she murmured: "That's what's in me craw. False pride is what's pullin' me spirits down to rock bottom. Gettin' too proud to be seen gettin' on that train at five P.M. this day with me same old plush coat and this old hat with the chicken feather. And me a carrin' this old carpetbag which is packed for the takin'. Yes, sir, lettin' false pride swallow me up hook, bait, and Irish catfish."

Granny gave the door a bit of a slam for emphasis. Releasing the hat pin, she removed her hat. Then she noticed her reflection in the hall mirror. This time she did not address the house or the door, but her own reflection. "Patricia O'Donnell, I'm ashamed of ye. Here this dear old coat has served ye well these twenty years like an old friend, warmin' yer bones every time ye steps out of the house, and ye wantin' to kick hat, coat, and carpetbag aside to make a showin' in front of yer friends as the train pulls out. Now, ya listen to me, Patricia O'Donnel, the important thing is the goin' to Ireland and the gettin' the genealogy of your ancestry. The important thing isn't the clothes ya go in.

"The very idea, considerin' spendin' the rest of yer days in Ireland 'stead of Zion, so ye could have money for extras. Ye'll get on that

train with your head high and a smile on yer face, and ye'll come back wearin' the same smile and the same coat, ya understand?

"Course I realize, Patricia, how ye feel. If ye was dressed better, yer relatives over in the Emerald Isle would believe ye when ye tells 'em what a grand and glorious place America really is. Course, I understand these clothes might give 'em some wrong notions about how nice Zion's been to you. But yer wearin' em, and proud, ya understand?"

Granny hung her coat carefully on a hanger, placed the hat on the hall shelf, and went into the living room. A flame burned low on the hearth. Granny placed a pine bough on the fire and watched a cone sputter. "Begorry, a fire takes away the March chill," she said.

The old walnut-paneled room, which reflected dignity and an air of its Irish owner, seemed to put a comforting arm about her. She dropped into the rocker by the fireplace. "I 'spect I'll just miss Relief Society today. Much better I'd rather spend me last hours here alone than mix with the crowd. Sure and I'll sit meself here till time to make the train. True, 'twill be the first Tuesday to see me not attendin' the society. But 'tis few will miss old Granny O'Donnell. Why t'was only the day before this that I put meself forward and went strollin' round to the various homes fixin' to say goodbye."

GRANNY leaned her head back on the rocker headrest, then, as though the clock reversed itself twenty-four hours, it was Monday when Granny had put her coat on and went around the village calling on friends. . . .

The first house Granny had stopped at was Bessie Moore's, secretary of the Relief Society. Granny rang the door bell, and Bessie opened the door herself. At sight of Granny O'Donnell, Bessie quickly whisked something pink she was sewing behind her.

"Come in, Granny," she said.

Bessie always washed on Monday, but today she had her sewing machine out. Draped over the table was a beautiful brunch coat of flowered silk.

"Bessie, me girl," said Granny, "if yer fingers are not busy sewin' for the Society ye are sewin'. for someone else. Now who, pray tell, is this pretty kimono for?"

Bessie cleared her throat. "Granny, my Bessie Bell goes to college this year," but her voice was unnatural.

"Sure, and she'll be a pretty gal when she wraps herself in this flowered kimono," Granny said with a twinkle. "Well, Bessie, since yer sewin' 'stead of washin' today, and I can't hang the clothes on the line for ye, t'will be leavin' I will."

"See you at meeting tomorrow," Bessie had called after her.

GRANNY had stopped next at Helen Morgan's, president of the society. She rang the door bell, three short ones, which Helen knew was Granny's code, then she walked in. Helen wasn't washing either this bright March Monday. Funny, Granny thought, Helen Morgan always washed on Monday, rain or shine. She was pressing blouses.

"Good morning, Granny. Nice day isn't it?" and Helen went on placidly pressing each blouse.

"Land sakes, Sister Morgan, when I seen the line empty o' clothes me thought ye was sick in yer bed with yer feet on a pillow," Granny laughed. "Come over I did, to fix ye some soup."

"Well, now, Granny, a person can vary her life a little. Today I'm pressing."

Helen Morgan was calm on all occasions, a quality which made her equal to the position of president of the organization. Helen rested her iron and smoothed her dark hair over her ears and into the bun at the nape of her neck.

"Land sakes, if ya won't look fancy, Sister Morgan, dressed in those colors o' blouses. White ye'll be wearin' on funeral days, pink for Sunday mornings, an' yellow for Relief Society meeting. Land, but that green blouse takes me eye."

There hadn't ever been time or money in Granny's life to think of fancy blouses and tailored suits. A film came over Granny's eyes, but her mouth wore its usual smile.

Helen Morgan noticed Granny fighting for control. She quickly changed the subject from clothing. "Granny, we'll be expecting you to Relief Society tomorrow, same as always. Then I'll drive you to the station in time to catch the five P.M. train for Salt Lake City." Helen hung the last blouse on its hanger.

"Now, that's right nice of ye," Granny said. "Well, it's best I push on. Wanted to visit a little today, this bein' me last."

As Granny went out of the front door she noticed a gray and a green suit on the hall tree. "Probably Helen's girls left them there thoughtlessly. Helen waits on the family hand, foot, and heart," Granny murmured to herself.

Sarah Hall's home was Granny's next stop. Granny went around to the back door. "Sarah will probably be in her utility room this cheerful mornin' an' won't hear me a knockin' at the front," Granny murmured.

But Sarah wasn't washing. As she swung the door open for Granny a fragrant aroma of baking cookies rushed out to fill Granny's nostrils. As they entered, Sarah threw a clean tea towel over a fancy box she was packing.

"Have a cookie, Granny." Sarah was considered the best cook in the village. She worked quickly between rolling, cutting, and watching the cookies in the oven. "These are a new kind, Granny, called Scotch bread. Try them." She handed a plate to Granny.

"Sure an I could tell it was Scotch by the size," Granny laughed. "Sarah, believe me, ye could take the prize for bakin' at the world fair." Granny reached for another cookie. "But ye're too busy to be bothered with a gabber like o' me. And far be it from Patricia O'Donnell to interfere with a person's bakin'." And Granny started for the door.

"See you at the meeting tomorrow," Sarah called from the range.

Granny made short calls on Martha Tingey, Hannah Jones, and Mary Stone, the organist of the Relief Society. Queer thing, not one of the ladies had washed this Mon-

(*Continued on page 203*)

# The Red Cross and Its Field of Service

[Supplied by the Office of Public Relations and Public Information, American National Red Cross]

The 1952 Red Cross fund appeal comes at a time of continuing world-wide crisis that demands a great voluntary effort on the part of everyone, since military strength alone cannot solve the problems created by this crisis.

Each day volunteers in towns and cities throughout the country carry on a staggering program. Blood is collected and made available to the armed forces and to civilian hospitals; able-bodied and hospitalized servicemen and women are assisted in a thousand ways; disaster sufferers receive emergency care and shelter as well as long-term rehabilitation aid.

Through less dramatic programs of service, the Red Cross trains nurse's aides, home nurses, and first aiders, all of whom provide a foundation for civil defense and self help. The Red Cross gives our children an opportunity to serve their community, nation, and world—thus preparing them for the responsibilities of citizenship. In the fields of health and safety the Red Cross stands ready to give us instruction, training, and information. Internationally, it helps to make the facilities and advantages of our country available to other countries and peoples in need.

The Red Cross has a far-reaching effect upon the life of every American, especially during these uncertain times. Let's do our part to keep the services of the Red Cross geared to meet the needs of the nation and all its citizens. Answer the call of the Red Cross today so that Red Cross can answer the call of Americans tomorrow.

# Valley Hills

*Evelyn Fjeldsted*

The silver chain of circled hills
Reaches high to gather snow
To store within the deepest links
Where cradled rivulets may grow.

Springtime climbs the heights along
The stream-designed, snow-beveled drills;
The valley holds the secret of
Creation with the silent hills.

Roughly chiseled trails lead up
To pinnacled and sun-bleached rocks,
To mighty weather-sculptured cliffs
That guard the fields and waiting flocks.

Changing with each season's mood,
Harmonizing softly with the land,
Wrestling, too, with winter's strength,
Valley hills unfathomed stand.

# Sixty Years Ago

Excerpts from the *Woman's Exponent*, March 1, and March 15, 1892

"For the Rights of the Women of Zion and the Rights of the Women of All Nations"

THE RELIEF SOCIETY—Programme of Exercises. (The general Jubilee meeting will be held in the Assembly Hall or Large Tabernacle in Salt Lake City, commencing at 10 A.M., Thursday, March 17, 1892, it being fifty years since the first organization, March 17, 1842.):

Singing by the Tabernacle Choir, Prof. E. Stephens, Musical Director

The Grand Invocation, by Eliza R. Snow, "O My Father, Thou That Dwellest."

Prayer by President Angus M. Cannon.

Singing, "How Firm a Foundation, Ye Saints of the Lord."

Opening Address, President Zina D. H. Young.

Reading, The Revelation to Emma Smith, Mrs. Zina Y. W. Card.

Reading a sketch of the Relief Society prepared for the occasion.

Singing by the Choir, Original Song by Mrs. Emily H. Woodmansee, "The Daughters of Zion! The Friends of the Poor."

Addresses by Counselors, Mrs. Jane S. Richards and Mrs. Bathsheba W. Smith.

Addresses by the Apostles.

Speech by Mrs. Sarah M. Kimball, Secretary, and Mrs. M. Isabella Horne, Treasurer.

Sentiments, The Relief Society and the Women of Zion, Mrs. E. B. Wells, Cor. Sec'y.

Anthem, "Daughter of Zion, Awake From Thy Sadness."

Prayer at High Noon, By One of the First Presidency.

* * * * *

THE COLUMBIAN EXPOSITION will afford an opportunity for world-wide representation, such as never has been known in the history of this continent. The great and growing West with its boundless possibilities is still comparatively unknown to the Western world. The World's Fair of 1893 will give such grand opportunities for celebrity as have never before been accessible . . . . Utah is positively coming to the front in the van of the states . . . holding out splendid inducements for men of means, of skill and ingenuity to make available her native products.—Editorial

## ODE TO SPRING

I wakened to the singing of a bird;
I heard the bird of spring,
And lo!
At his sweet note
The flowers began to grow . . . .
As if the green world heard
The trumpet of his tiny throat . . . .

—Mrs. James T. Fields

BEAR LAKE STAKE RELIEF SOCIETY CONFERENCE: Pres. Julia P. Lindsay was pleased with the reports given, spoke of the importance of attending meetings often . . . . Coun. Elizabeth Collings bore a faithful testimony to the truth of this work . . . . "May we strive to be faithful that we may have clear consciences . . . ." Coun. Lizzie Hart spoke of filling the mission of assisting the sick and poor, also of improving now and not waiting for a better time to come to improve the opportunities . . . . —Sylvia Broomhead, Cor. Sec'y.

# Woman's Sphere

*Ramona W. Cannon*

CONCLUDING an American-Danish pact in Copenhagen, Mrs. Eugenie Anderson, the United States Ambassador to Denmark, has become the first woman to sign a treaty for the United States which includes the following three points: friendship, commerce, and navigation.

MRS. MILDRED McAFEE HORTON, former president of Wellesley College, is the first woman to become a member of the board of directors of Radio Corporation of America.

MRS. RUTH MAY FOX, former president of the Y.W.M.I.A., became ninety-eight years old on November sixteenth. She followed, this year, her usual custom of sending to her friends Christmas cards, on which was printed an original poem—one of power and beauty.

LOUISE SNELGROVE (Mrs. Willard B.) Richards, of Salt Lake City, who turned ninety-five on the twelfth of December, died January 25, 1952. Though her body was confined to bed for some time preceding her death, her mind moved clearly and commandingly. She astonished her friends with her accurate memory. A daughter says, "Company, to Mother, was like a blood transfusion—she picked up immediately."

ON November twenty-sixth, Mr. and Mrs. Heber Pehrson, of Salt Lake City, celebrated their sixty-first wedding anniversary. Their twelve sons and daughters were born in Fairview, Utah.

CHARLOTTE WHITTON, fifty-five, is the first woman to become mayor of a large Canadian city, in this case, the capital, Ottawa.

LUCY SMITH (Mrs. Thomas B.) Cardon, of Logan, Utah, former Relief Society general board member, celebrated her hundredth birthday on January fifth. She is still mentally alert and delightful. She enjoyed a wonderful party, receiving telegrams and floral remembrances from many Church and civic officials. Her own ward Relief Society organization sent a hundred red roses. Seven of her eleven children are living, and fifty-nine grand, great, and great-great grandchildren.

EMMA DUNN KING, of Wendell, Idaho, great-granddaughter of Parley P. Pratt, has published articles and poetry, teaches Relief Society classes, and has been elected National Committeewoman of the Young Democratic Clubs of Idaho.

EDITORIAL

VOL. 39 MARCH 1952 NO. 3

# A Message to Relief Society

WITH the return of Anniversary Day each year, Relief Society women the world over are led to contemplate anew the divine origin and mission of this great woman's auxiliary of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints. We are led to consider our individual responsibilities toward it, and we resolve in our hearts, perhaps, to measure up more fully to what is expected of us.

The work of Relief Society is manifold and great, the mission of the Society divine. The prophets of the Lord, with inspired vision, have pointed the path and directed the course of the Society since the days of its founding.

Said the Prophet Joseph Smith: "This Society is not only to relieve the poor, but to save souls." President Brigham Young, referring to its functions, specified: "These Societies are for the improvement of our manners, our dress, our habits, our methods of living." President Lorenzo Snow, directing the Society along educational lines, declared: "The Society should deal with subjects that tend toward the elevation and advancement of women in all lines of thought and action that benefit humanity." President Joseph F. Smith, referring to the mission of Relief Society, said: "It is not designed to look only after the poor and the needy as to their bodily necessities, but it is also intended to look after the spiritual, mental, and moral welfare of the mothers and daughters in Zion, and all who are engaged or interested in female work."

President Heber J. Grant defined the Society as a "service institution," saying, "This institution is built upon service." President George Albert Smith, addressing a Priesthood session of a general Church conference, referred to the work of Relief Society as follows: "Through that great organization, the Relief Society, begun by the Prophet Joseph Smith, was given to womankind the dispensation of representing the Lord, in their way, as daughters, as wives, as mothers, and as representatives of their kind in all the world."

From our present beloved First Presidency have come impressive words. At the general conference in 1950, President David O. McKay emphasized the growing power and influence of Relief Society and urged "that increased attention be given and more intensified efforts put forth to maintain and preserve the dignity of motherhood . . . to perpetuate the truth that home is the true foundation upon which is built the structure of true civilized Christian society." President Stephen L Richards, speaking to us in our last general conference, said: "I've always said that if two things in this Church were right everything else would be right. The Priesthood and the home are those two things.

You, [Relief Society] of course, are chiefly responsible for one of them, or largely so, and you can help infinitely in the other one."

President J. Reuben Clark, Jr., addressing a Relief Society general conference in 1949, told the sisters: "The Relief Society is the handmaid of the Priesthood of God in carrying on his work for the salvation of men." He prayed that God might give us the vision of the true homemaker, that we might be able to save by this course not only Zion, but the world. "And that is your destiny, and ours," said President Clark, "to save the world."

Pondering upon these statements of our prophets, we are led to exclaim, what a mighty and noble mission has been given to the women of the Church through Relief Society!

The call to service in this Society comes not to one or two or the few, nor to any selected group, but to all women of the Church. Membership in Relief Society should not be regarded as a matter of choice, but rather as one of obligation. Every Latter-day Saint woman, according to her circumstances and talents, has a responsibility toward the work of this organization.

Sometimes, women are led to excuse themselves for inactivity in the Society. Sometimes mothers with young children postpone the day of their affiliation, feeling that to affiliate when their children are small would work a hardship upon them and perhaps entail neglect of the children. President Lorenzo Snow, addressing the sisters at Saltair July 9, 1901, referred to this attitude saying, "It might be thought by some that the labors connected with membership in the Relief Society would cause those sisters who belong to it to neglect their household duties. But this is not so. I will venture to say that the best wives and mothers and the most efficient housekeepers among us are members of Relief Society."

Through the years, thousands of women who have commenced acticity in the Society when their children were young have borne sincere and grateful testimony to the fact that their homes and their children have been boundlessly blessed and benefited through their Relief Society membership.

The name of every Latter-day Saint woman should appear on the rolls of Relief Society, and each should lend to this great work the best support of which she is capable.

Out of this effort to meet her responsibility to this God-inspired and Priesthood-directed organization, there will come to her a spiritual grace, a womanly charm, a poise, an uprightness and stability of character, a development of her talents and abilities, a competence in the management of her home, a wisdom in guiding and directing her children, an understanding heart, a testimony of the truthfulness of the restored gospel that will be a deep and abiding satisfaction to her, and a comforting and sustaining influence as long as life shall last. As we have shared in the labors so will we most certainly share in the triumph of the work and in the eternal blessings which the Lord will give to his faithful daughters.

—B. S. S.

# *In Memoriam — Martha Jones Ballard*

NOVEMBER 7, 1873—JANUARY 12, 1952

Martha Jones Ballard, seventy-eight years old, passed away at the family home in Salt Lake City, January 12, 1952. She was the wife of Elder Melvin J. Ballard, a member of the Council of the Twelve, who died in 1939. Sister Ballard, a gracious and lovely woman, was the devoted mother of four sons and three daughters, a true homemaker, and a gifted and willing helpmeet for her husband. For twenty years she served as Relief Society president in the Northwestern States Mission, while her husband presided over that mission. Her loving service among the sisters is recalled with gratitude.

* * * *

## *"All Her Ways Are Peace"*

*Katherine F. Larsen*

Always they have such gentle hands, the ones
Who are born to ease the world's encumbering load:
Laving tired, dusty feet bruised by the road,
Cooling brows set on fire by relentless suns;
Gentle their voices, soothing to troubled hearts;
Nourishing food with competence they prepare;
Growing gay flowers, sewing with loving care,
Mending torn places, healing the sick, their arts.

From Rachel to Ruth who gleaned for Naomi's bread;
From Sarah to Esther zealous for Israel's weal;
Tirelessly they minister to the world's demands;
Always the poor are helped, the hungry fed;
Knowing all ways to bless, to soothe, to heal,
Always they have such loving gentle hands.

## *Announcing the April Special Short Story Issue*

The April 1952 issue of *The Relief Society Magazine* will be the special short story number, with three outstanding and experienced authors being represented. Look for these stories in April:

"Father Was a Good Provider" by Inez Bagnell
"The Long Day" by Maryhale Woolsey
"A Frame for Happiness" by Ora Pate Stewart

The April Magazine will also contain the second part of the four-part story "Dear Conquest" by Deone Sutherland, and the fourth chapter of Beatrice R. Parsons serial "Uncertain Possession," as well as several homemaking articles and other features of particular interest to women.

# Notes TO THE FIELD

## *Organizations and Reorganizations of Stake and Mission Relief Societies*

Since the last report, printed in the March 1951 issue of *The Relief Society Magazine*, to and including December 1951.

### ORGANIZATIONS

| *Stakes* | *Formerly Part of* | *Appointed President* | *Date of Appointment* |
|---|---|---|---|
| Bakersfield | California Mission, Northern California Mission | Arlene P. Sutton | May 27, 1951 |
| Columbia River | Portland Stake Northwestern States Mission | Mona H. Kirkham | December 10, 1951 |
| East Lethbridge | Lethbridge Stake | Fern R. Laycock | November 25, 1951 |
| Fresno | Northern California Mission | Lyle J. Coombs | May 13, 1951 |
| Mill Creek | Cottonwood Stake | Florence N. Singleton | February 11, 1951 |
| Monument Park | Bonneville Stake Hillside Stake | Minnie E. Anderson | June 24, 1951 |
| Murray | Cottonwood Stake | Esther K. Gunnell | February 20, 1951 |
| Santa Barbara | California Mission | Gladys B. Carmack | March 18, 1951 |
| Santa Monica | Inglewood Stake | Odette P. Coulam | July 1, 1951 |
| Santa Rosa | Berkeley Stake, Northern California Mission | Vera Maude Sorensen | January 7, 1951 |
| Wilford | East Mill Creek Stake | Grace E. Berndt | February 12, 1951 |
| Willamette | Portland Stake, Northwestern States Mission | Erma L. Snowberger | December 3, 1951 |

### REORGANIZATIONS

| *Missions* | *Released President* | *Appointed President* | *Date of Appointment* |
|---|---|---|---|
| California | Mary H. Stoddard | LaPriel S. Bunker | October 6, 1951 |
| Canadian | LaPriel R. Eyre | Anna H. Toone | September 21, 1951 |
| East German | Marta Ann B. Stover | Lena W. Glaus | May 16, 1951 |
| Eastern States | Betty Brown | Helen Beth Henrichsen | October 25, 1951 |
| Hawaiian | Irene P. Clissold | Stella C. Nelson | March 11, 1951 |
| Near East | Berta W. Piranian | (Mission closed January 10, 1951) | |
| Netherlands | Lillian D. Lillywhite | (Died December 22, 1951) | |

## REORGANIZATIONS
(*Continued*)

| *Missions* | *Released President* | *Appointed President* | *Date of Appointment* |
|---|---|---|---|
| New England | Gladys P. Young | Hattie B. Maughan | January 26, 1951 |
| New Zealand | Virginia D. Young | Alice W. Ottley | September 27, 1951 |
| Samoan | Francella C. Hale | Myrtle L. W. Paul | March 9, 1951 |
| Southwest Indian | Lillian D. Flake | Thelma S. Buchanan | April 13, 1951 |
| Tongan | Martha Elnora G. Huntsman | Joane W. Coombs | November 30, 1951 |
| Uruguayan | Corraine S. Williams | Afton K. Shreeve | June 22, 1951 |
| Western Canadian | Holly W. Fisher | Elizabeth H. Zimmerman | November 26, 1951 |

| *Stakes* | *Released President* | *Appointed President* | *Date of Appointment* |
|---|---|---|---|
| Big Cottonwood | Grace E. Berndt | | |
| (Name changed to Cottonwood Stake, February 12, 1951) | | | |
| Boise | Maudell Harris | Elnora T. Loveland | June 3, 1951 |
| Burley | Bertha P. Hill | Merna E. Marchant | May 6, 1951 |
| Carbon | Florence L. Pace | Maude Warren | January 7, 1951 |
| Cottonwood | Florence N. Singleton | (Stake dissolved February 12, 1951) | |
| Cottonwood (Formerly Big Cottonwood) | | Oa J. Cannon | February 11, 1951 |
| Cottonwood | Oa J. Cannon | Madeleine P. Stevens | July 9, 1951 |
| East Los Angeles | Ruby G. Choate | Genevieve L. Anderson | June 21, 1951 |
| East Mill Creek | Erma M. Dixon | Alice W. Ottley | March 11, 1951 |
| East Mill Creek | Alice W. Ottley | Zettella W. Thurman | November 11, 1951 |
| East Rigby | Lida Call | Virginia K. Campbell | July 11, 1951 |
| Ensign | Alice B. Steinicke | Vivian R. McConkie | January 28, 1951 |
| Granite | Ida Dean | Elsie B. North | May 27, 1951 |
| Hyrum | Harriet C. Leishman | Mildred O. Norman | May 6, 1951 |
| Idaho Falls | Venna H. Croft | Mabel J. Hansen | July 15, 1951 |
| Kolob | Gladys S. Boyer | Grace C. Crandall | June 24, 1951 |
| Mesa | Zelma Miller | Evalyn B. White | August 20, 1951 |
| Moapa | Lucille Earl | Emma B. Solomon | June 3, 1951 |
| Nampa | Ethel B. Andrew | Alta Fuhriman | June 3, 1951 |
| Nevada | Marietta T. Call | Sylvia Johnson | September 2, 1951 |
| North Davis | Pearl W. Burton | Oma E. Wilcox | September 9, 1951 |
| North Idaho Falls | May W. Andrus | Ruby F. Olsen | May 13, 1951 |
| North Rexburg | Hattie L. Rigby | Adalena M. Withers | July 22, 1951 |
| Oakland | Hilda E. Perkins | Della W. Swensen | April 1, 1951 |
| Oneida | Ida E. Evans | Chloe M. Howell | June 10, 1951 |
| Palo Alto | Leila A. Gates | Ethel M. Beckstrand | September 16, 1951 |
| Richland | Lucile J. Erickson | Pearl O. Clement | July 15, 1951 |
| Roosevelt | Florence P. Nielson | LaRue O. Nixon | August 12, 1951 |
| St. Joseph | Hattie S. Shurtz | Lavona Hoopes | December 9, 1951 |
| San Francisco | DeLilah M. Fuellenbach | Gladys R. Winter | June 20, 1951 |

| Stakes | Released President | Appointed President | Date of Appointment |
|---|---|---|---|
| Southern Arizona | Gladys E. Huish | Hilda M. P. Stutzman | May 27, 1951 |
| South Ogden | Reka V. Parker | Erma V. Jacobs | September 9, 1951 |
| South Salt Lake | Della D. Walton | Verney J. Olson | September 9, 1951 |
| South Summit | Zella B. Johnston | Luella W. Walker | November 25, 1951 |
| Sugar House | Vauna S. Jacobsen | Laura R. Millard | October 14, 1951 |
| Taylor | Lisadore B. Crookston | Margaret W. Ririe | May 27, 1951 |
| Timpanogos | Carrol Wells | Margaret J. Olpin | January 21, 1951 |
| Twin Falls | Kathryn M. Merrill | Leah Kirk | September 16, 1951 |
| Washington | Elese B. Lundberg | Mae A. Evans | September 16, 1951 |
| Wayne | Beatrice G. Brinkerhoff | LaVell King | April 29, 1951 |
| Weiser | Naomi May Chandler | Della W. Alder | January 7, 1951 |

* * * *

## *Patriarch*

*Nellie B. Brenchley*

Frail he stands, with shoulders bent,
Against the pulpit's strength he leans,
And speaks to a silent throng, intent
Upon his word, his voice serene.

Eyes glance not at the gnarled fingers
That find the pulpit's edge and rest,
But seek his benign face and linger,
While he imbues their minds with righteousness.

But yesterday these sinewy hands
Anvil and a mighty hammer knew,
The irons they forged as countless as the sands,
A blacksmith's strength from these crude tools he drew.

Hard the toil along the path he trod,
But love of God and man sustained him then,
And while he walked uprightly before God,
He shaped the iron of character in men.

And strong these hands do yet remain
And strong his faith—eternal life his goal,
The hands of a blacksmith he may claim,
But his is a Patriarch's soul.

# Room for Phyllis

*Alice Morrey Bailey*

ELIZABETH Webster was conscious again of the imperfection of her home as she came up the walk. Coming back to it after seeing Pearl's lovely home brought a sinking sensation of depression and she was glad she had insisted on Evelyn letting her off at the corner rather than driving her all the way. Some of the girls had never seen her home, and if she had her way they never would.

The door needed paint where the dog, Duffy, had scratched to get in; a part of the porch railing had come loose and was drooping. The house itself was an old-fashioned firebrick bungalow, with a gray cement porch and walk and not a hopeful line in it, so far as Elizabeth could see. You couldn't take off the porch and modernize the entrance without wrecking the roof. There was just no use.

The girls were home from school, getting lessons at the dining table, and Elizabeth stopped to look at their work, patting Dona's ten-year-old blonde head and smiling into her bright blue eyes. Phyllis was going on fourteen, wavering on the edge of womanhood, and just now her dark head was bent over a diagram which she was tracing with painful care. Elizabeth leaned over her shoulder.

"What are you drawing, darling?" she asked.

"Oh, this is a plan for my room—if I had a room. Our class in homemaking is studying how to decorate our rooms, and, Mother, couldn't the boys move out of their room and let us have it? All the other girls have rooms of their own, and when I hear them tell about what they do in them and how they look I just feel like crying. I wouldn't mind sharing it with Dona if we could have a decent one; but our bed jammed up against the fireplace in the front room, and all those bookcases, make it look like it isn't a bedroom at all."

"The boys wouldn't move, you know that, Phyllis."

Elizabeth heard Phyllis sigh as she proceeded to the kitchen. She had had no idea the children felt the same as she did about their home, and a sick feeling came in the pit of her stomach, but what could be done? The inside was as hopeless as the outside, with square rooms, whose arrangement was necessarily standardized and prosaic.

While Elizabeth peeled the dinner vegetables, her mind followed a familiar pattern to its inevitable and well-worn conclusion. If you could remove the hideous sliding doors from between the dining and living rooms and have a living room across the front of the house—but where would the girls sleep? For the fact remained that it was a two-bedroom house, she and Dave occupying one, while the boys had the other, and the family was definitely three-bedroom. If they could build a bedroom for the boys in the basement—if, if . . . .

And then what could you do without money? It was just as well to face the fact that Dave's earn-

ings would never be more, perhaps might even be less. The doctor had hinted that Dave ought to slow down a bit, after his operation, but Dave hadn't, and he flatly refused to let her work. They were behind on their bills from Dave's operation as it was.

ELIZABETH had become so discouraged about the house that she hadn't kept things up as she used to do. It hadn't seemed worthwhile to shampoo the rugs in the front room and dining room, since they were threadbare in spots. None of the floor coverings were very good, for that matter. The kitchen and bathroom linoleums were worn so that the red underground showed through, and the bedroom rugs were hopeless. The wallpaper in every room was faded or had yellowed to resemble wrapping paper, and it had seemed no use to launder the curtains at the end of summer.

Elizabeth, busy with these dark thoughts, forgot to smile when her menfolks trooped in, Dave from work, Bill from his after-school work at the grocery store, and Clark from wherever he had been since school let out. He was seventeen, in his last year in high school, and he delivered papers in the morning. Bill was twenty-one and in his last year at the university.

"How did your party go?" Dave asked conversationally at dinner.

"Fine. Pearl gave a lovely luncheon—creamed lobster — and her house is just beautiful—wall-to-wall carpeting and large picture windows—exactly the kind of house I've always wanted."

Light went out of Dave's eyes and he bent his head to his eating. I didn't need to say that, Elizabeth chided herself. The house was an old sore spot with her, and she was always saying something that must hurt Dave.

"Pearl's son is getting married," she offered lamely.

"Some people can," said Bill bitterly.

"Now what do you mean by that remark?" Dave challenged.

"Nothing," said Bill. "Just skip it."

"Are you and Anne having trouble?" Elizabeth asked.

"No new trouble. Same old thing. She wonders why I don't invite her to the house, to get better acquainted with the family. Says I'm evasive about it."

"Well, why don't you, Son?" asked Dave, looking up.

"Invite Anne to this dump?" Bill demanded hotly. "That would really fix things between us. You should see their home, a ranch rambler, modern to the last degree."

Elizabeth was indignant. The very idea! Bill, ashamed of his home! Before she could open her mouth to say so, however, she remembered her own feelings as she came up the walk not two hours ago. What was that but shame? A white line appeared around Dave's mouth, but he blew out his breath without exploding.

"I see," he said testily. "Well, you could tell her this: Our home is paid for."

THERE was a sudden quiet around the table as Dave pulled the deeds from his pocket and laid them in the center of the tablecloth.

"Every bit?" ventured Dona. "And we don't owe a thing?"

"Every penny," confirmed Dave. "I made the last payment on it today."

"Oh, Dave!" said Elizabeth. It seemed incredible after so many years of making the payments, small though they were.

"Golly, Dad!" crowed Clark. "I'll bet that's better than you could say about ninety per cent of these high-class joints."

It was a high moment, and Elizabeth saw pride leap to the eyes of the children—even Bill's, although his next comment dampened it.

"Such as it is," he said rashly, and Dave winced.

"Yes, such as it is," he said, but didn't reprimand Bill, though Elizabeth thought Bill needed it.

"Dave, I think it is wonderful—the house being paid for," Elizabeth said when they were alone.

"Do you, dear?" asked Dave, pleased. "It would not have seemed such a long pull to most people, I guess, but we've had so many setbacks."

"I do wish it was nicer," Elizabeth went on. "I feel like not having a nice home is ruining the children's lives."

The pleasure had gone out of Dave's face again, and Elizabeth could have bitten her tongue.

"That's not what's ruining their lives," he said sharply. "It's not having the good pride of home."

"Well, really, Dave . . ." began Elizabeth reasonably.

"We lived in an adobe house when I was a youngster, and none of us was ashamed to bring our friends home."

"Well, our house wasn't so much," Elizabeth admitted. "No central heating, and no plumbing—but everybody loved to come there. Still . . . ."

"Pride in their home is something children have to have," said Dave stubbornly.

"I certainly agree with that, Dave, but . . . ."

"Elizabeth, I can't do anything about the house. I used to have dreams of what I could do. I was younger and stronger then. If I could take an extra job—but I can't. I'm worn out every night when I come home, keeping my end of the work up on the job. I've come at last to know that I'm not gifted at making money the way some men are. I'm just an old working stiff—a day laborer. Sometimes I think my insurance would do you more good than I do."

"Dave!" cried Elizabeth, thoroughly alarmed. "Dave, don't say such a thing."

ELIZABETH lay awake long that night in an agony of worry, and the dark fears for the happiness of her family seemed a yawning abyss, waiting to draw them in. It was as if there was a blight among them, breathing foulness on them all. Only Dona and Clark seemed untouched by it—but were they? Why was Clark gone from home so much? His friend, Snorky, he said, had simply a dilly place to study. And why had Dona been so glad about the house if she had felt entirely secure? Her heart yearned over little Phyllis, wanting her own room so much that she felt like crying, and it ached for Bill, so un-

happy from his love affair—but it trembled with fear, thinking of Dave actually wanting to die.

Her mind darted frantically about like a caged animal, trying to find some way out, some possibility of happiness for the family. Only one bright moment kept recurring, the quick pride in the faces of the children—and in her own heart—when Dave had said the house was paid for, when he had laid the deeds on the table. Poor Dave! This should have been a big day—a day filled with such bright moments, such pride, in celebration of the event.

"A child has to have the good pride of home," he had said. They had all had it for a moment, after Dave's words. Perhaps that was it, she thought grudgingly. Perhaps you could build pride with such words—or tear it down. Or tear it down! The admission was like the dreaded opening of the hall closet, and her guilty thoughts poured out like the inevitable avalanche that followed. Suddenly, sharply, and too clearly she could remember years of little scenes like tonight, with Dave wilting under the silken bludgeoning of her words—and the children listening, being indoctrinated against their home by her complaints. Not Dave's, never Dave's. The carping, nagging refrain had been her own as far back as she could remember, seeping into her family like slow poison. She cried out with the pain of the unbearable picture, and Dave—good, patient Dave—reached for her in his sleep.

"We should be thankful for our home," she said brightly the next morning at breakfast. "They don't build houses like this any more—solid hardwood floors, thick walls, and plate-glass windows."

"If you're trying to sell it," said Bill shortly, "I'm not buying."

"Bill," said Dave sharply, "apologize to your mother."

IT was going to take more than words now, Elizabeth thought dismally. Maybe it was too late, for Bill, anyway.

"Phyllis," she said after he had gone, "do you think you and Dona would like our room? Daddy and I could sleep in the front room."

"I wouldn't take your room, Mother."

"I wouldn't mind sleeping in the front room, and I'm sure your daddy wouldn't."

"Well, Mother," Phyllis confessed slowly, "I don't want to hurt your feelings, but what could we do with all that stuff in your room? It wouldn't be our room with books and sewing and clothes belonging to someone else, and all those boxes of things you've saved."

Nevertheless she came home that night bubbling with enthusiasm. "Marcia says her mother knows a real reasonable paper hanger, and he would do your bedroom for fifty dollars. I could . . ." she faltered, looking at her mother's face. "Fifty dollars is real reasonable, isn't it, Mother?"

"Fifty dollars!" said Elizabeth. "Why, when I was a girl we papered our own—for the price of the paper and we used flour paste."

"Could we, Mother? I could help—and let me pick out the wallpaper and paint. I know exactly

what I want. Oh, no, Mother!" she broke off as Elizabeth went to the cupboard for the cracked sugar bowl. "That's the money you have been saving for your new dress."

The following week was a nightmare of sorting, lugging, lifting, and trying to find places for the things that had accumulated in the bedroom, of the exasperation of trying to hang paper, and Elizabeth despaired half a dozen times and wept from sheer fatigue, but went on grimly. Dave came silently to her aid when the ceiling proved too much for her, calmed her jagged nerves when her temper was short, and carefully sanded and painted the woodwork and furniture.

She salvaged some ruffled curtains and two white crinkle bedspreads long discarded, mended, dyed them yellow, and ironed them. She used one spread to put a floor-length flounce on the other and hung the curtains to a soft drape. Phyllis helped her shampoo the living room rug to its blue-green color, bringing out the small yellow and tangerine flowers. Its worn spot was well hidden under the bed, and the tangerine was picked up in the flounce for the dressing table and lamp shades which she and Phyllis had transformed from a bouffant and outmoded taffeta evening dress from her younger days.

She had looked with dismay at the paper Phyllis bought, but was amazed to see how the turquoise background, the subdued yellow roses and green leaves brought the room to life and color. In spite of her hands, tender from scrubbing, and the ache in her back, there was a deep sense of satisfaction when the family inspected the results.

OF course Phyllis and Dona were ecstatic and proudly possessive, but Clark was green with envy.

"Why do the girls get everything?" he yelped. "Why can't our room be fixed up, too?"

"Money, Son," said Dave laconically.

"I could put off buying my jalopy and spend the money from my route on paper and paint and stuff. Of course, I wouldn't want it like this. This is pretty, but it's girl stuff. I want mine real nifty and classy, with built-in bookcases like we learned in shop, and my model ship."

"Count me out, Skipper," growled Bill. "I'm too busy to help, and I've another use for my money, but you go ahead so long as you don't bother my things too much. Anyhow, it won't be my room very long. I'll be moving as soon as I get my degree and a job, if Anne'll see it my way."

"Clark, that sounds wonderful," Elizabeth enthused, groaning inwardly at the thought of the work. I can't do it, she thought. I just can't. But she said: "Give me a week to catch up on washing and ironing and cooking."

"A week!" howled Clark. "I wanted to start tomorrow, but I'll wait."

At first Dave grumbled about being pushed out of the bedroom in favor of the girls.

"At least, it's more private," he finally conceded. "And nice having my books in the bookcase. If we had one of those studio couches

we could fold away, this room would be pleasant, with that fireplace."

"If we had that instead of our bedroom set we could take out those sliding doors and make a long living room out of these two rooms. I've always wanted . . . ."

"So we could," said Dave, going over to inspect them. "And it wouldn't be so much trouble—or expense. A little lath and plaster, a few boards of flooring, and I could do the work myself."

So, from that beginning, by degrees and logical sequence, beauty spread throughout the house, with little money spent—a sacrificed movie here, diverted funds there—but much work. A swap advertisement brought the studio couch, and Dave excitedly discovered that the gate-leg table in the basement which Elizabeth had been using to stack things on was solid walnut. He glued, sanded and mended it with great care. Opened, it would seat eight people, so the heavy oak dining set went for paper and paint and varnish, and for odds and ends of furniture from secondhand stores. The eight coats of varnish, with alternate rubbings, polished the table to a dark mirror, and was a family project, with everybody excited, except Bill, who came and went, stubbornly disinterested.

IT was rather painful to let Clark hammer away at his room, but Dave wouldn't let Elizabeth interfere. "Better than a year at school, for the boy. Any damage he does can be repaired later on."

"I have to have the dining room rug," Clark said one day. "That brown goes just right with the brown and yellow in my room."

"Clark, you can't!" Elizabeth protested. "We have only one rug in there now and we need two."

"Yah, and it looks like a postage stamp, now that the room's so big. Why don't you sand the floor and finish it? Snorky's folks have their living room like that and it's classy."

The varnish left over from the table was just enough to cover Duffy's scratches on the front door, and that, in turn, called for mending the porch rails. Everybody came to look, and there were high plans for the yard when spring would come, awnings, lawn furniture, and shrubs—outrunning the budget, of course. Everyone had ideas and all were alert for more. Brightness moved off magazine pages into the house, in colorful painting of the kitchen and bathroom floors, in red, yellow, and blue touches for the kitchen, and handy shelves for the bathroom.

Even the neighbors were curious and interested. "Land! I thought you were moving out when I saw all that stuff stacked on the porch to be hauled off. It sure is a marvel how things do collect," or, "I've brought you over that carved chair from my attic. Dave's so handy at fixin' things, and you with your fancywork. A little needle-point . . . . No, I'll never use it. My eyesight's too poor, and no way to fix it myself. Besides, when I was sick you. . . ."

Better than all the improvements in the house, the sparkling glass and the filmy curtains, and the clutter of the hall closet restored to order, was the growing happiness of the

family. No one said in so many words: "I'm proud of our home . . . . I love my home." But it was there in abundant evidence—a lingering glance of appreciation for the bright floors, a finger gently touching the polished surface of the table. It went with the children to school, blossomed out in improved marks for their studies, and came home with them in troops of their friends, study groups, ice-box raids and slumber parties.

FINALLY Elizabeth invited her friends for luncheon and felt no twinge of shame for her home, although it was still humble compared to many of theirs. Dave began to talk about building a bedroom and rumpus room in the basement, and everybody was happy, except Bill.

Elizabeth's heart held a dull sorsow that she had let one of her children go beyond help. She had given up hope of being able to reach Bill, when, one morning, she noticed him going through the house opening closet doors, looking at walls and ceilings, at furniture and floors, as if he had never seen them before. Perhaps he hadn't really, for he had been cramming for term exams, putting in his usual hours after school and on Saturdays at the store where he was cashier, and trying to keep up on his dates with Anne.

"Have you lost something, Bill?" she asked, following him. "Can I help you?"

He was standing in the middle of the living room floor, looking critically around. His eyes took in everything, the very pale rose and moss green of the wallpaper, the gold of the gumwood bookcases and fireplace, the freshness of draperies and slipcovers.

"It's all right," he finally pronounced grudgingly. "The floor's keen, but it looks rather bare."

"I know, Bill, but carpeting would cost. . . ."

"You don't want to cover up a floor like this with carpeting. A shag rug or two—big ones. . . ."

"Yes, but even shag rugs. . . ."

"Cost money. I know. I've been thinking. I've got some money saved up—about thirty dollars. I'll buy a rug or two—white ones would be nifty—for before the fireplace and in front of that couch. I was going to blow Anne to a really big time, orchids, dinner, dancing, to see if I could square things with her, but if I could bring her home to dinner, to meet the family, and to show her we're not such a bunch of scrubs—I think it would clear up a few misconceptions between us."

Elizabeth tried to keep casual, but emotion trembled against her eyes and on her lips.

"Oh, Bill! Bill, dear," she said, "of course."

## *Command*

*Matia McClelland Burk*

Ocotillo,
Open your petals
That out of your scarlet throat
The glorious song of desert spring
May pour.

Josef Muench

THE GRAND TETONS, WYOMING

* * * *

# *Sound*

*Gene Romolo*

Only the immobile lips of clay keep
Ever silent. With more potent hearing,
We might hark to the greening grass repeat
Strange, blithesome sound and silent appearing
Night throb with palpitating light of stars;
Discern rare beauty hidden in a word,
Hear the dolorous murmuring of scars
Left on a heart, and from a single bird
Learn of magic in a fluttering wing,
Capture echoing strains from a lost lyre,
Catch soft music that the windflowers sing,
Hear rhythm pulsing in a soul's white fire
And listen to dawn's voice dispelling night
Before it covers earth with gold-spun light.

# The Crowning Touch

*Eva Willes Wangsgaard*

"WHERE did you get that hat? It's the crowning touch. Perfect with that green suit! I've looked everywhere and . . ." That's what they say.

Where did I get it? I made it. Why don't you try one? A variety of fabrics as delectable as a cherry on a lime frappe is available; and the time the job takes is so little that it is negligible.

This year I made tams. They can be made of many kinds of fabrics and can be draped to becomingness for almost any set of features. I made mine of rayon, non-crushable velvet in a lovely old-gold tone. Maybe you would prefer pique or grosgrain silk for spring. I have had mine two weeks, and so far I have repeated it in eight different colors for friends, besides lending my pattern to others.

Here is my pattern (the size may be varied to suit individual preference):

*MATERIAL:*

For the outside: ⅝ yard of velvet, silk, or pique, or other material 39 inches wide.

For the lining: ⅜ yard drapery taffeta for lining velvet material; muslin, for lining pique; dress taffeta, for lining silk; matching sewing thread.

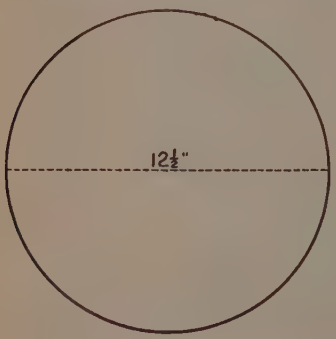
*PROCEDURE:*

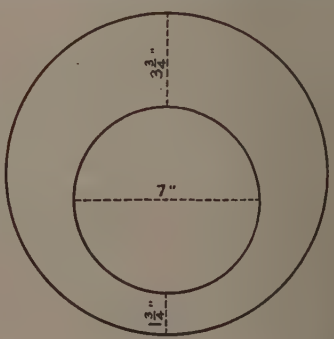
Cut two circles, twelve and one-half inches in diameter, from velvet or other material for the outside.

Cut two circles twelve and one-half inches in diameter from lining material.

Cut a head hole seven inches in diameter from one of the twelve and one-half inch circles of velvet, and in one twelve and one-half inch circle of lining. Make the head hole off center so that it is about one and three-fourths inches from the edge at the narrowest point.

Baste top circles, one of lining and one of velvet or other outside material, together, right-side-out, seam exposed. Baste all four circles together, placing velvet circle, with



cut-out head hole on top, velvet pile to pile, placing lining, with cut-out head hole, on bottom right-side of lining to right-side of lining. Run seam on sewing machine. Trim seams, but do not clip. The unclipped seam helps to stiffen the tam.

Turn right-side-out and join all four circles together by basting around the head hole.

Cut a bias strip of the outside material two inches wide and long enough to make a ring that exactly fits the head. Join into a ring.

Baste bias ring to head hole, velvet pile to pile, easing fullness of the circles to fit the bias ring. Run up seam on the sewing machine and trim. Turn under bias and finish band by blind stitching.

Lay the tam on the table with the hole side up. Pin left side just short of center to the top lining, using a long costume pin with a safety catch. Full the velvet and its lining generously, but keep the top lining taut. Wear the tam with the narrowest point just behind the right ear and drape to suit the wearer.

If the wearer parts her hair on the left side, the pinning may be reversed.

## *Old Road*

*Vesta N. Lukei*

A mountain road, abandoned long ago
To summer growth of fern and winter snow,
To falling needles of the pine and fir,
Becomes in loneliness the lovelier.
The road belongs at last to all wild things—
To butterflies and birds with sun-bright wings,
To squirrels, silver-gray, with rhythmic tails,
And lizards making sudden dusty trails,
To tattered chipmunks, little mice, and fleet,
Shy deer who disappear on nimble feet.
Alone I walk in quietude, bestir
No leaves, but still I am a trespasser.

## *Valley Harbor*

*Josephine J. Harvey*

Up from the valley,
Beyond the circling hills,
I went in search of you.
I wandered unfamiliar paths,
Finding only alien hearts,
And no rest harbor for my soul.
Although I have returned,
My restless heart keeps seeking
The joy I knew when you were here.

## *Words for Spring*

*Grace Sayre*

When winter hills are bound in ice
And butterflies are only dreams,
The magic words of sun and spring
Will start the flow of streams.
Marsh-marigolds will light the paths
That long have lain in dark,
While on the fields, a silver song,
Announces—meadow lark!

# Uncertain Possession

*Beatrice R. Parsons*

## Chapter 3

Synopsis: Lorna Ashton, an orphan, marries Dr. Matthew Wire and goes with him to his hometown, Westfield, Nevada, to take over the practice of his sick uncle, a doctor. Lorna is afraid that Matthew's relatives and friends, and even his patients, will mean so much to him that he will never belong wholly to her. She likes Matthew's Uncle John, and she admires Nurse Hallie, but it is Carole, a little neighbor girl, who brings comfort to Lorna in her loneliness. Two small china kittens, which Lorna has treasured from childhood, become to her a symbol of possession, but her husband tells her that nothing worth having is worth possessing.

A FEW nights later, Lorna came slowly out of a dream —a dream in which a bell kept jangling while Matt, who had been close to her side, seemed to drift further and further into distance.

Lorna called out chokingly: "Matt, Matt, don't go! Don't leave me!"

She felt hot tears on her lashes, felt that she was losing him, then she heard his voice, calm, reassuring, in the darkness. "It's the telephone, darling. I'll turn on the light."

The light sprang up and Lorna was fully awake, yet still shaken by her experience. She smiled ruefully.

"I wonder if I'll ever get used to calls in the middle of the night."

Matt smiled. "Of course you will." He answered the phone, talked for a moment, then put down the receiver, his face quietly grave. "The Honson twins have made up their minds to arrive."

He dressed swiftly. Lorna's eyes were wide and disturbed as she watched him.

"But Matt, it's only a quarter to four!"

He knotted his blue tie. "The twins don't care what time it is." His eyes were smiling.

"Let me help," cried Lorna, slipping into her long, white robe. Her lovely hair made a soft, red-gold mist across her shoulders.

Matt nodded towards the phone. "You can call Hallie . . . ."

Going towards the telephone, Lorna wondered wistfully: "Why didn't I take nurse's training, Matt, instead of typing? Then I could be at your side, instead of Hallie."

Seeing his face, her cheeks grew warm, and she dialed Hallie's number quickly. When Hallie answered, Matt took the receiver and spoke into it.

"I'll have the car out in a few minutes . . . ."

Lorna, feeling a hot little rebellion at being left out, said sharply: "Matt, surely there is something I can do." And then, as he began to shake his head, a little sharply: "Matt, I want to come. I hate being left behind. I want to share . . . ."

His face was angered, yet he spoke softly: "Get dressed. There is something you can do." He seemed, in his anger, to be testing her, yet his tone continued quiet:

"There are four other little Honsons, Cliff, Jean, Harry, and Nelda. They range from three to seven. The Honson's home is small. A farmhouse. It's rather difficult having the children within hearing. You can sit with them in the barn and tell stories."

LORNA, who had been scrambling into her clothing, stopped brushing her hair. Her face was a mask of uncertainty. "But . . . but," she stammered, "I'm not used to telling children's stories. I can't think of any. And . . ." she swallowed nervously, "I'd be frightened of the cows . . . ." She stood there trembling, seeing Matt's look.

He got his gray felt hat, put it on, and hesitated at the door. "Are you coming, Lorna?" His face said that she wouldn't.

She burned under his look. She was shaking from head to foot. She disliked his knowing that she was afraid to go, yet couldn't let him go alone. Her hands shook as she slipped into a light wrap and followed him outside to wait near the garage.

She had never known that night could be so dark. The stars seemed to brush against her curls. The noise of the car as Matt backed it from the garage sounded like thunder in her ears.

She saw a shadowy form crossing the lawn, and, although her common sense told her it was Hallie in cape and uniform, she made a queer, strangled little sound. Hallie stared at her in astonishment.

"Oh, it's you, Mrs. Wire! I couldn't think who'd be out at this time of night." She glanced at Lorna's wrap, and wrinkled her brows, asking confusedly: "Are you coming with us?"

Lorna flushed under her tone. She explained swiftly: "Matt asked me to baby sit . . . ." Her voice trailed away, knowing that Hallie was still doubtful. "I'll admit I don't know quite what I'm to do."

Capable, efficient Hallie turned back the corner of her dark cape and spoke quietly: "You'll make out, Mrs. Wire."

Lorna winced. Hallie suspected the truth—that she wanted to be with Matt. She crept silently into the rear seat and felt as though she didn't belong. Matt and Hallie talked. Lorna didn't understand some of the things they said. It was her first experience with birth. She knew they didn't really need her. She wanted to tell Matt to take her back. But she knew she couldn't. She felt that he had already forgotten her, and leaned forward to say something. Matt answered a little curtly.

HE was driving swiftly, yet carefully. The streets of the town were slim pencils of brightness under his headlights. They passed the house where Anne lived. Then, a little further on, the house where Margaret lived with her elderly aunt. Then they were out in the plain of the valley. Her body grew weak as she thought of four small children and a creaking barn!

There were lights in the small, low farmhouse as Matt turned the car into a cluttered dooryard. Lorna stumbled a little on a child's toy as Matt helped her out of the car. Her fingers clung in desperation to

his. He loosened them firmly, yet gently. She saw his face. It was intent, serious.

"I'll send Mr. Honson out with the children, Lorna. You wait here." He motioned to Hallie, and opened the screen. Lorna felt darkness crushing down upon her. She wanted to run after them, to cling to Matt's arm.

Almost immediately Mr. Honson came out, leading the four little children. They had been wakened from sleep, and Lorna saw that their small faces were pinched and fearful. Although she knew she was talking in a too-grown-up manner, she wanted to reassure them, and herself.

"Children, come out with me. I'll tell you a story in the barn. Your Mummy will be all right, and pretty soon she'll have two babies for you to play with."

The little girls jumped up and down in their tiny slippers, and clapped their small hands in delight at the thought of the babies. The boys were not quite so jubilant. Mr. Honson thanked her gratefully.

"It's good of you, Mrs. Wire, to want to come way out here to look after the children. My wife and I can never thank you enough."

Lorna's cheeks were hot, and she was glad it was dark. She led the chattering youngsters into the barn. She heard a horse stamping his hay, and a cow made a low sound behind her.

The moon made a faint path of silver through the opened door, with a shadow advancing in it. Lorna jumped until she saw that it was only a kitten which had joined their little group. Mr. Honson spread clean hay for them to sit on. The children clustered near, the smallest one clinging anxiously to her hand.

The eldest girl asked helplessly, "Is Mummy very sick?"

LORNA shook her head and patted the little girl's arm. "Your Mummy is all right. Dr. Matt is with her." What consolation in the words, even for herself. Matt was near. Everything would be all right. Now, if only she could remember some stories. She cast about in her mind. She made herself speak cheerfully, although her heart beat swiftly at each unfamiliar noise.

"I'll tell you about . . . ." She tried hard to remember any story which Cousin Em had told. But there hadn't been many. Cousin Em had always been too busy to bother about children's stories. She could remember none, except the story of the Baby Jesus.

She groped for the right words. The children's eyes grew wide with eagerness as she commenced. Once in a while Cliff or Harry corrected her carefully. Once in a while her voice died quickly while she listened for sounds from the house.

Almost with the finish of her story, a tiny wail came through the opened door. It was followed, within minutes, by another one. Harry, the eldest boy stood up, his face solemn, yet filled with glory.

"Just like in the story, Mrs. Wire. A little baby—two little babies—are born."

All of them wanted to rush inside. Lorna had all she could do to keep them at her side. When

their father came, telling them that their mother was all right, and they could see the twins, they leaped with excitement and happiness.

Lorna calmed them. "You all must be as quiet as little mice! Mummy will be sleepy. So will the twins. Now, let's all walk softly . . . ."

She smiled to see them rise on tiptoe in their little slippers. They whispered as they walked across the yard. The smallest clung to her hand so that she, too, must go inside and see the babies. Her eyes filled with sudden tears as Mrs. Honson spoke in a faint, grateful voice.

"It was so kind, Mrs. Wire."

LORNA was ashamed. She saw Matt and Hallie getting ready to leave. She avoided Matt's eyes. She went out and stood on the doorstep and shame swept over her.

She hadn't been kind and generous. She had been selfish and possessive. Matt knew and so did Hallie. There was no use pretending. When they came out, she spoke stiffly.

"It's almost dawn, Matt."

He looked at her, and said cryptically: "So it is, darling," as though he had only just noticed.

He helped her into the car. Hallie sat at his side, her shoulders bent with weariness under her dark cape. She took off her stiff white cap to let the cool wind stir her short, graying hair.

The air was cool against Lorna's hot face. She looked at the valley in the pale dawn and saw that all the harsh gray lines had been washed away by the night.

She sighed tiredly. She had been so frightened during the night. Her heart had pounded so loudly that more than once she had been worried lest it alarm the children.

A smile curved her soft mouth. They were such nice children! The little girls were so soft and cuddly. The boys more manful, yet glad that she was there.

She wondered about that. The children had been glad she was there to tell them a story. They had been nervous, upset. And yet their fears had flown when they sat with her in the barn.

Lorna was surprised to find another thought in her mind. Why, in quieting their fears, she had forgotten her own. She smiled. That was what Uncle John had meant when he told her that life and cacti were filled with unsuspected prickles. She hadn't suspected that in spite of her own selfish desires, she could help others! She was glad it had turned out that way!

*(To be continued)*

## *Inefficacy*

*Hazel M. Thomson*

I am the author of unwritten things—
I cannot tell how my heart sings,
Or to what heights my soul is borne
As a warm south wind that blows
On winter's frozen face.

Willard Luce

WATER LILY

# Gardening—Food for the Soul

*Pauline M. Henderson*

"YOUR yard always looks so nice," my next door neighbor greeted me the other morning. "But it must be such a lot of work for you."

Her words struck me with a little shock of surprise, for I have never considered my gardening in terms of "work." We chatted briefly, and she went on her way, but as I returned to the flower bed I had been cultivating, I contemplated her remark.

Can it be considered work, I wondered, to come out of the house in the glow of early morning, and with a hoe gently disturb the cool, chocolate-colored earth around rosebushes fragrant with blossoms? And where is the drudgery in pushing a spade deep into the yielding soil, while the friendly sun warms one's back and shoulders—almost like a benediction from the heavens?

My garden is much, much more to me than a mere section of planted space around my home. It is, indeed, many things.

It can be a release from pent-up tension and frustration. If I am upset or angry, that is when I like to cultivate my flower beds. As I strike my hoe into the earth, each weed is an enemy going down to destruction. By the time the bed is clear of weeds, the tension is gone, and I am able to face the problem—whatever it may be—with new calmness.

Of all the activities involved in the making of a home, the planting of the garden is by far the most rewarding. I can spend hours cleaning the house, only to realize that in a few days I shall have to do it all over again. But the time I spend in the garden will show results for an entire season, perhaps even for years.

A garden can be just as surely a medium for self-expression as the painting of a picture or the writing of a poem. And no special talent is needed. A garden asks only loving care, and it will flourish and bloom for you, whether you be rich or poor, obscure or famous.

There is a lesson in faith to be learned from plants. Someone once said, "To tend a garden is to walk with God." Certainly a wavering faith cannot help but be strengthened as one watches a seed grow from a tiny, inanimate object to a living, flourishing plant. I seldom witness this miracle without thinking, along with Robert Browning, that indeed, "God's in his heaven. All's right with the world."

A garden teaches patience. Growing things will not be hurried. There is something so suggestive of timelessness about the processes of nature. I have often reflected, as I set out young plants, and felt the rich dark earth between my fingers, for how many ages has this selfsame earth existed—how many more it will still exist! And I find my own petty troubles fading into relative insignificance.

Once, when a particularly dark cloud was shadowing my life, and there seemed no hope that I would ever again come through into the sunshine, I happened to glance from my window at the flowering peach tree I had planted some years before. It was in the full glory of spring bloom—a mass of delicate pink blossoms—breathtakingly beautiful. Suddenly, I found myself remembering how that same tree looked in mid-winter—bare, gray branches silhouetted against a stormy sky, stark and dreary, giving not the slightest hint of the beauty that in just a few short months would burst forth. And I felt a sudden rebirth of hope surge within me. I thought, just as that tree has come from ugliness to beauty, so will this darkness eventually give way to light. And I found new courage to go on.

My garden is not the most beautiful in the neighborhood. To me it is not necessary that it should be. My grass is not the greenest nor my flowers the largest or most colorful. But I am content. Indeed, the flowers that I gather sometimes seem to me to be almost like an extra bounty—a sort of dividend from something that has already given me so much.

No, I cannot agree with my neighbor that gardening is work. Rather it is living in its truest sense.

## *Twilight Hour*

*Marian Schroder Crothers*

Hushed now the turmoil of the day.
Blue, lengthening shadows gather near,
And stilled are all the sounds of earth
While homeward, silently, birds wing their way.
Held fast in this brief truce
Between the night and day,
Within this timeless, twilight hour,
I dream, and pray.

# A Price for Wheat

*Angelyn W. Wadley*

WHO can say what some specific commodity—for instance, a dress or a suit or a sack of wheat—is actually worth?

In an economy such as prevailed during the pioneer period in Utah, when the law of supply and demand operated without interference of arbitrary price controls or price-fixing arrangements, the cost of some goods rose to levels that seem shocking now, even by comparison with today's sky-rocketing price tags. In an issue of *The Deseret News* dated May of 1865, wheat was listed at $6 per bushel, butter at $1.25 a pound, sugar at $1 a pound, flour at $16 per hundred weight, and coal oil at $12 a gallon.

The cash price of these items was of little concern to many people, however, for money they didn't have, and "store-bought" goods they had to do without. And yet, when exchange was by barter, instead of purchase for cash, the cost of necessities, especially the scarce ones, was sometimes heartbreakingly high in effort, emotion, and personal sacrifice.

Such was the price my great-grandfather paid for his wheat in the spring of 1864.

Lars and his wife, Maren, with eleven-year-old Peter and seven-year-old Christine, had come to Utah from Denmark. Lars had been a thrifty farmer, but after he and his family had accepted the message of the gospel and decided to migrate to Utah, he had not been able to get as much money from the sale of his farm as he needed, since the buyers knew that as the date set for departure drew near, the Mormons would be forced to accept whatever fraction of the value was offered for their property. He was unable to obtain the two hundred dollars he needed, and the people tried to prevent him from leaving. So, although the Larsens had expected to have plenty to bring them to their destination and to establish their new home, in the end they were forced to leave their oldest daughter, Hannah, with a family who planned to come later. She was only fourteen, but she could earn enough by sewing to pay for her board and, in addition, save some money towards the expense of her own trip to America.

The Larsens arrived in Salt Lake City in September without money and without food. A former neighbor from Denmark, who owned a team and a wagon, took them to Draper, where they found a place to live. It was harvest time, so both Lars and his son soon found work. They flailed out enough wheat to earn three bushels for themselves. Most of this they planned to save for seed the following year, but it had to be moved across the Jordan river, and on the rickety bridge the loaded cart tipped into the water, and they lost all the wheat.

Early the next spring they moved to Pleasant Grove, where they bargained for a small piece of ground, with a dugout for a home, agreeing to pay for it from the harvest in the fall. But obviously there could

be no harvest without a planting, and Lars had nothing to plant. He borrowed a team of oxen to plow his ground, and for each day he used the team he worked two days for the owner, but he wasn't able to work in exchange for wheat, for none of his neighbors had any to spare.

YOUNG Peter had stayed in Draper to earn his board and a small wage herding sheep. Lars remembered seeing a large strawstack on the place where his son worked. Perhaps he would be able to get a little wheat there, and it could be paid for out of Peter's wages. So he tossed a sack over his shoulder and walked about eighteen miles to Draper to find out. Discouraged, footsore, and weary, he returned the next day with the sack empty. Neither in Draper nor anywhere along the way could he obtain any wheat.

Each morning and evening as the Larsens knelt in prayer, they asked that some way would be opened for them to get the seed so sorely needed. Then, one day, Lars heard that someone had come up from Sanpete Valley and reported that there was wheat for sale down there. A man from Pleasant Grove was going to take a wagonload of molasses down to exchange for wheat. Lars rushed to see this man and offered him a day's work for each day they were gone if he could go along and bring back some wheat for himself. To this the man agreed, and Lars went home overjoyed to tell Maren the good news.

But how could they pay for the wheat? Lars could work for the trip, but he couldn't stay long enough to work for the grain, nor could he expect anyone to trust him until harvest time, with seed so much in demand.

Whatever household goods they had owned that had had any value had been sold for passage money. Now it wasn't a matter of choice and decision, for there was nothing to sell except their best clothes.

Maren took her husband's best suit out of the wooden chest. It was difficult for her to let it go, for she knew that for the rest of his life Lars would probably never have another one so fine. She had combed and spun the wool herself, and she had made and dyed the cloth. Love was woven into every inch of it. Maren had seen it on Lars only once—on the day when he had first brought it home and tried it on for her.

But there was no use protesting about taking it. She knew it had to go. Perhaps even that wouldn't be enough. It might not seem so valuable to someone else.

She hesitated only a moment, then she took her wedding dress out of the chest. It was a beautiful black alpaca, not new now, of course, but still as good as new. She had made it herself, and she was an expert seamstress. For a brief moment she held it up against her, remembering her dreams as she had sewed on it, and her joy as she had worn it on the day of her marriage. She blinked back the tears as she began to fold it—oh, so carefully, for she had planned to keep it always.

But food was far more important than a dress, especially this dress,

which she was keeping out of sentiment and didn't really need. If they could get even a little more grain than was needed for planting, it would be so good to have some bread again.

It might seem that they paid quite a price for the amount of wheat Lars was able to bring back. But perhaps it wasn't too much, for this was the turning point in this family's fortunes. Never again were they in serious want. Their effort and sacrifice were rewarded with a generous harvest. They paid for their first fields and bargained for a fe acres more, and they soon replac their dugout with a comfortab adobe house.

Yes, it was quite a price to p for a little wheat, but they we willing to pay it. They proved themselves that those who ha both faith and determination c find ways to solve their own pro lems and to care for their own nee They and other pioneers set an e ample to all Latter-day Saints livi today to care for themselves throu thrift, industry, and sacrifice, need be.

## Dear Conquest

(*Continued from page 165*)

nearly as dark. Charlie liked to josh a lot, but he didn't talk much during that dance. I could see he cheered up some after the dance was over, and he'd claimed Maggie again.

It was good that the next day was Saturday. Maggie was up fixing her own breakfast when I finally came to the kitchen. "I like to cook," she smiled. She wiped my dishes and then climbed on the stool to put them away in my high, inconvenient, old-fashioned cupboards.

Ira Scott opened the back kitchen door and smiled "I knocked at the front door, but I expect no one heard."

Maggie stood on the stool holding my blue china cream pitcher.

"We've been making lots of noise back here," I said to Ira, waiting for Maggie to speak.

"I wanted to ask Maggie to a wiener roast up on Indian Mountain tonight. I'm getting the party up rather suddenly, but there's better way of getting acquainted

Maggie brushed the hair ba from her face. I had heard her fuse Andy to go to the cowb show at the *Palace* for tonight.

"I'd love to go," she said slow

"Of course you and John are i vited," Ira said to me.

"Thank you," I replied, "we like it a lot."

Ira closed the door behind hi and Maggie got down from t stool. "I'll have to wash my ha and maybe iron something. O dear!" She whirled around, and could see the color in her face.

"I'll make a three-layer cake a take," I said. "Ira's cousin Ann is probably arranging most of I'll call her and tell her."

But Maggie was standing by t wire screen door, her eyes on dian Mountain. She hadn't hea a word I'd said.

(*To be continued*)

# Multiple Hobbies Make Her Happy

REBECCA H. TRACY OF BURLEY, IDAHO, IS AN EXPERT WITH NEEDLE AND CROCHET HOOK.

Although she is an expert seamstress and has done all kinds of plain and fancy wing, as well as knitting, in many patterns and stitches, Mrs. Tracy's favorite hobby crocheting. At the age of eighty-three, she still plies her crochet hook, eating many designs of great beauty and making bedspreads, tablecloths, doilies, chair vers, and numerous trimmings and edges and rosettes.

Her life has also been busy with more active pursuits. Her large family, thirteen ildren, sixty grandchildren, and eighty-five great-grandchildren, have received devoted terest and kindly assistance in their problems and in their various activities. Three ns, five grandsons, and two granddaughters have completed missions, and three grand- ns are now in the mission field. For sixty-five years Sister Tracy has been a Relief ciety visiting teacher, twelve years a Relief Society secretary, and she has been an ficer in nearly all of the other auxiliary organizations.

Not the least among her "more useful" hobbies has been her devoted care of e sick, and visiting and assisting the needy and the bereaved.



# Faded Memory

*Alice R. Rich*

A note of Irish laughter as lilting as a breeze
And delicate as perfume in April apple trees,
Waked when a sprig of shamrock, green as the emerald sea,
Released a faded memory and tossed its breath to me.

# A Family Is What You Bake It

*Elsie Sim Hansen*

THE other night, much to my surprise, my husband came home with a loaf of bread tucked under his arm.

As soon as he placed the bread down on the corner of the kitchen table, I knew it had not come from the market. I also noticed Jim was grinning. As I picked up the bread, I asked, "Jim, where did you get this? It looks like homemade whole wheat."

Flipping a loose curl on the back of my neck, Jim answered, "It *is*, honey. We had a demonstration down at the store today. This bread was left, and Miss Mead, the demonstrator, told me to take it home. It sure is good, I had a sample. You know, Marge, I was just thinking on my way home, mother used to make bread like this when I was a kid. I wonder why more women don't do their own baking nowadays. Why don't you try it sometime?"

Jim had given me an idea. Why shouldn't I try making some bread? It probably wouldn't be as light as that we had been eating, but it might help out on our budget.

The next morning, after the children had left for school, I got out my recipe book and decided to try my luck. I was really surprised how simple the recipe was. Of course, it took a little practice. Some of the maneuvers I went through getting the bread mixed to the proper consistency would have made good material for a comic book, but the results were worth it.

There was something so wholesome and appetizing about the aroma of that homemade bread when I opened the oven door it made me tingle all over, like the smell of chili sauce cooking on a crisp autumn day, when I would be walking home from high school.

That same day, after school, I wished that an artist could have been in my kitchen and painted a picture of my young son, as he took the first man-sized bite out of a warm slice of the golden brown bread, laden with honey. I am sure it would have been a masterpiece.

I shall never be too busy from now on to make bread, because I have learned that a wealthy, happy family, is a healthy, well-fed family.

# Lovely Things

*Grace Barker Wilson*

I have loved the shine of moonlight on the waters
Of the restless ocean when the storm wind blows;
And the silhouette of mountains in the sunset
As a golden western day draws to its close.

I have loved white clouds against a sky of azure,
But more beautiful than any other thing
I find the pinkness of the earliest peach blossoms,
And the greening apple orchards in the spring.

# The Wearing of the Gay

(Continued from page 172)

day, and everyone had been sewing, except Sarah Hall, and her turning out cookies like for a carnival. Queer thing, too, not one of them had mentioned her taking off for Ireland. And everyone of them had said, "See you at meeting tomorrow," just as if she were going to be around forever.

* * * *

GRANNY came to with a start. It wasn't Monday, but Tuesday. "If this don't beat the Irish, me takin' a nap in the middle o' the day. And a long time a sleepin' I been. Faith the cedar bough's burned blacker than pitch."

Had she missed the train? Granny looked at the clock on the mantel. It said 1:50. "Land sakes, if the clock isn't tryin' itself to be poky today. It is only ten minutes to two and me with three more hours to wait for the train. The ladies will be congregatin' at the little Relief Society house by now. Here I was fixin' to skip on the train without the ladies seein' this same old black plush coat 'till me bring meself back from me homeland. But, since it's not yet two, and I got me best clothes on, why, I best not miss the last meetin' after all. If I've a mind ta step lively I can get to meetin' and slip in whilst they're standin' for the opening song."

Granny hurriedly put on the black plush coat, pinned the hat on securely, not bothering to glance in the mirror. After wearing a hat a matter of years, the curves fit the right places. "I'll just pick up me carpetbag on me way to the station," she said, as she put the old worn bag on the chair by the door.

Granny slipped into the little Relief Society house while the ladies blended their voices, as Mary Stone pedaled the organ to the tune "We Ever Pray for Thee." Granny was caught up into the familiarity of it all: Sister Helen Morgan presiding and Sarah Hall conducting the services. Sister Bessie Moore sat at the little secretary table. At sight of Granny, Bessie smiled and made a mark of attendance on the roll.

Sister Hall gave a few words of welcome: "We're glad to see the house full today. We're especially glad to have Granny O'Donnell with us. We were just thinking about going after her in a car when she walked in. Who but Granny would make time, the very day she was leaving for Ireland, to attend Relief Society? Bless her heart, we are glad she is with us."

Martha Tingey gave the opening prayer. Granny wiped an unseen tear at the closing, "Go with Granny on her trip, is our fervent prayer, and protect her."

Granny was glad now she had come to meeting. What did it matter about the old plush coat, or even the carpetbag? These were her real friends, they loved her as she was.

"And now we'll have a word from our president." Sarah Hall smiled at Helen Morgan. President Morgan arose, and calmly took her place at the little white pulpit.

GRANNY kept thinking about the train. What if it came way early today? Her eyes looked past the president and watched the squares of blue sky through the windows. Her eyes traveled about the little white building. Soon she would be speeding away from this place she loved. What was Sister Morgan saying?

"This is a fifth Tuesday, and since we have our welfare completed, we thought we would just turn the hour into a social. We'll all go next door to my house, and have a little going away party for Granny. Granny and I will lead the way, the others follow us out in twos." Helen Morgan walked down the little aisle. "Here, Granny, take my arm."

Things became hazy in front of Granny. One couldn't see well when the eyes were misty, but Granny smiled and took Sister Morgan's arm and they led the procession while Mary Stone pedaled the organ to the tune "A Hundred Thousand Strong."

As the group left the little chapel, one by one, they started singing the words. Granny's vision cleared and she sang gaily with the group, in her rich Irish brogue. As they entered Helen Morgan's long living room, Granny wasn't prepared for what she saw. At the far end of the room was strung a wire, and hanging on the wire and draped on a sheet, was a complete wardrobe, suits, top coat, hat, slips, underthings, why there was the very kimono that Bessie Moore had been sewing yesterday, and the four blouses Helen Morgan had pressed.

The ladies put up folding chairs in a double circle around the room. Helen Morgan seated Granny in the armchair.

Everyone was expectantly silent, then Sister Morgan spoke: "Granny O'Donnell, I'm not good at speeches, but the ladies of the ward remembered all the quilts and sewing you have done for others in the thirty years you've been in our ward, and, well, all of us wanted to make a wardrobe for you, as a sort of going away present. There's everything we thought you would need, from a good warm coat to dainty crochet-edged hankies. And Sarah, bless her heart, even thought of packing a box of goodies for you to munch on the way."

Helen held up the gaily wrapped box Granny had seen at the Hall home the day before. "Here's a large steamer suitcase which Sister Hall is lending you, and a small overnight bag, which is yours to keep. Now, before we pack the clothes in them, the girls want to see you model the clothes, Granny." Helen Morgan put her arm gently on Granny's shoulder.

"Speech," everyone shouted.

GRANNY O'Donnell was trembling when she arose. Never in her wildest dreams had she expected to have an entire new wardrobe at one time. At length she found her voice.

"Ah 'tis I who is lackin' at speech makin'. But me heart is full to overflowin' with gratitude. Why, even if I had the money, which Patricia O'Donnell has not, why, begorry, I couldn't buy such an array of clothes in Salt Lake City tomorrow. And ta think ye dear ladies has sewed 'em with yer own hands.

May the Lord bless ya, I pray." Granny sat down.

The moment seemed almost sacred. No one clapped. Then Bessie Moore and Sarah Hall took Granny by the arm and took her off to the bedroom, while Mary Stone and Martha Tingey took the gray suit and the green suit from the line. Granny recognized them now. They were the suits she had presumed belonged to the Morgan girls yesterday. Hannah Jones followed with the necessary accessories for each suit.

Granny tried on the green suit first. It fit perfectly. She paraded the length of the room with charm and dignity. Never had a model pivoted on Fifth Avenue to equal Granny O'Donnell. Then back to the bedroom, and helping hands fitted her into the gray suit, with the tailored buttonholes, and trim, good lines.

"She looks beautiful in the gray. She looks distinguished and impressive, but the green suit, with the cocky little hat and feather, is best for her. It's more like the Granny we know," Bessie Moore said. Then she added, "She should wear the green when she goes on the train."

"Yes, Granny, green surely is your color," the whole group chorused.

Granny studied herself in the mirror. The gray made her look all of her seventy years, but they were good years, with trim and enchanting lines. Granny lifted her eyes from the hem of the suit to the features of her face. She smiled at her reflection. Then, when she

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spoke, the hum and laughter of the group stopped.

"Well, I'll tell ya what I'll do. I'll be seen wearin' the gray as I go through the big places: Salt Lake City, Chicago, New York, so as to look distinguished. But ya can be sure when I touch the soil o' the Emerald Isle, it will be the wearin' of the green I'll be a doin'."

The group clapped, then someone called out, "Good for you, Granny."

Granny looked again at her reflection in the mirror. The clothes did a lot for her, it was true, but clothes weren't the most important thing after all. It didn't matter so much if one was wearing the green or the gray, the important thing was for a person to make sure all one's facial wrinkles were the kind that turned upward. Yes, the important thing was the smile—the wearing of the gay.

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## *Gift From Spring*

*Ora Lee Parthesius*

Flirt of a wind
And dash of rain;
Hat-lure behind
A window pane;

Umbrella sheen
Like flowered glass;
Unearthly green
Of wet, new grass.

Sky with a rift
Like a bluebird's wing—
Today is a gift—
You are right! . . . . From Spring.

# Let's Stuff a Rug

*Thalia Black*

CUT strips of material three inches wide, and sew together end to end.

Cut strips of cotton batting one-inch wide and fold inside the strips of material. Stuffing can be made from old blankets, cotton from a worn-out mattress, or even old overalls will do.

Sew edges of material together on the machine, holding stuffing firmly inside.

Braid tightly.

Lay the rug flat on the table on floor while sewing the braids together, so that it will lie flat when finished.

Sew with heavy linen thread doubled, or according to instructions given in *The Relief Society Magazine*, May 1949, page 317.

This is good for an evening of family fun and works up quickly for a good-sized rug in a single evening.

The braids are about two inches wide, and add four inches to the size of the rug with each round of sewing.

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# From Near and Far

Angelyn W. Wadley, of Providence, Utah, author of "A Price for Wheat," page 198, tells us that her story concerns her great-grandfather, Lars Christian Larsen, his wife, Maren, and their children.

I have just finished reading the January *Magazine*, and feel I must tell you about two or three things in it. First and foremost is the editorial "We Seek After These Things." It is so good and shows such insight and depth of character, and is beautifully written. I am coming more and more to believe that any message to get across must be put in simple, beautiful language. In the lessons I have been teaching in Sunday School I am continually impressed with the simplicity and the wording of the teachings of Jesus. I like Mabel Harmer's story "Eloise and the Indian" (First Prize Story in the Relief Society Short Story Contest.) The theme is current and very important, and the writing is good—in fact, the best I have read of Mabel's. I like the new serial "Uncertain Possession" (by Beatrice R. Parsons). It starts out in an interesting way and holds the interest. I am partial to serials, for I think the author can get deeper into motives and actions in a serial than in a short story.

—Dorothy Clapp Robinson
Boise, Idaho

I have just finished reading the January 1952 issue of *The Relief Society Magazine* and wish to express my appreciation. I greatly enjoyed the poems, stories, and articles, but more especially the editorial "We Seek After These Things." I have seldom been more inspired and uplifted than by that editorial.

—Maud O. Cook
Tremonton, Utah

I sincerely enjoy *The Relief Society Magazine*. Not only is it a wealthy source of knowledge for our lessons, but a pleasure and an inspiration to read.

—Lucille Hatch Nielson
Burley, Idaho

I enjoy the *Magazine* from cover to cover and marvel at the beautiful scenes on the covers. Mt. Lassen and Reflection Lake, California, the frontispiece photograph for February 1951 was perfect. I have seen it many times while I lived in Westwood, California. We do not have an L.D.S. Church here. The nearest is about twelve miles, so you can see why I especially enjoy the *Magazine*.

—Mrs. Jay Cutright
Bliss, Idaho

The first prize story in the January issue of the *Magazine*, "Eloise and the Indian," by Mabel Harmer, particularly appealed to me because it tells of a problem which confronted the mothers in our locality also. The story is very well written and I wish to thank Mrs. Harmer for it. All of the prize-winning poems touch my heart as they are timely and very beautiful. It is a joy to know that our Latter-day Saint women are thus developing their talents.

—Mrs. Joyce Christensen
Salt Lake City, Utah

May I offer a word of praise for the December *Magazine*. It is truly beautiful, and I feel proud to have a small space within its covers ("Winter Witchery," page 864).

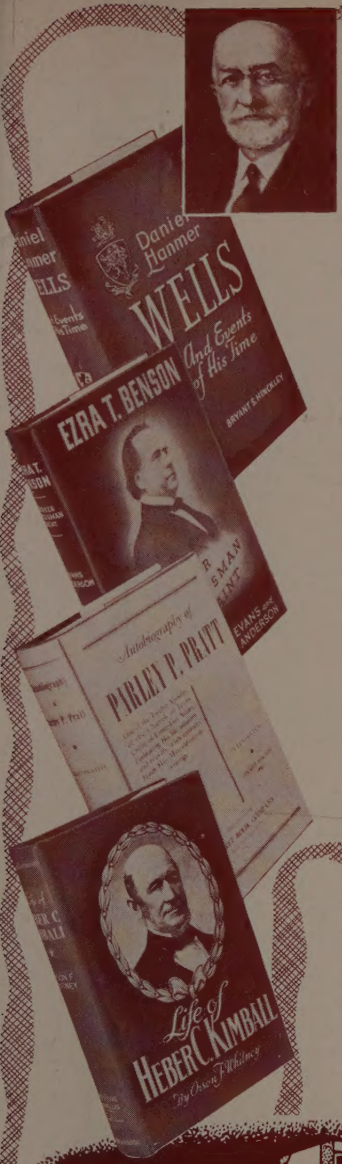
—Alice Whitson Norton
Nashville, Tennessee

Since joining the Church five years ago I have learned to love *The Relief Society Magazine*, and each month I watch eagerly for it. We have found the Church magazines completely taking the place of other magazines to which we once subscribed. Our branch is medium-sized and growing rapidly. Nearly 100 per cent of the women are subscribers to the *Magazine*.

—Mrs. Alice M. Schmidt
Marion, Iowa

I must tell you I believe the quality of the poetry you are publishing is better and better. I hope to have mine included occasionally.

—Mrs. Udell Hill
Salt Lake City, Utah

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